



No. 58.—VOL. V.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
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MISS LILY HANBURY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. Another encounter with Fodi Silah's people in the Gambia Colony has resulted in the defeat of the enemy; but the little colony is anxious, though there is no immediate danger, since a warship has been despatched from Simon's Bay to Bathurst.—The sensation of the day was the rumour that Mr. Gladstone was to resign, "T. P." giving force to the statement by an article in his evening paper.—The Queen held the first Drawing Room of the season this afternoon, while the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland held his second Levée.—The Empress Frederick paid a visit to Cambridge, inspecting several colleges, including Girton and Newnham.—Mr. Selous was entertained to dinner at the Sports Club.—The Hackney Horse Society's Show at Islington beat the record in numbers.—The Emperor of Austria left Vienna, travelling *incognito* to Mentone.

Wednesday. Mr. Gladstone's visit to the Queen at Buckingham Palace to-day gave fresh colour to the resignation rumour, which is still denied by the official Liberal organ.—The Prince of Wales visited the Hackney Horse Show, and the Duke of Connaught, after presiding at a United Service Institution lecture on "Military Topography up to Date," went with the Duchess to see "The Transgressor."—Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith, secretary of the Queensland Railways, arrived at Liverpool from New York after his tour in the Dominion and the United States over the Pacific cable scheme.—An elaborate infernal machine has been found in Nottingham.—A meeting was held at Chelsea to protest against the erection on the Embankment of a Pasteur Institute—"a palace of torture," as one speaker called it.—This being the eve of St. David's Day, a national banquet was given in the Criterion Restaurant in honour of the founding of the new University of Wales, while a Welsh festival was held in St. Paul's Cathedral. Archdeacon Griffiths preached in Welsh.—The Rev. Pedr Williams has arrived in New York.—M. Brunetière, the new French Academician, was mobbed by students at the Sorbonne, because he, and not M. Zola, had been elected to the Academy. A fashionable crowd had assembled to hear him lecture, but the students hooted him down and pelted him with missiles. One arrest was made.—Signor Crispi delivered an important speech in the Chamber on the crisis in Sicily and the internal condition of the country generally. He attacked the Communistic and Socialistic ideas of certain agitators, and the details which he gave respecting the schemes of the Anarchist conspirators produced a great sensation.—The Roumanian Chamber adopted the Extradition Treaty with Great Britain.—Official despatches are published, in which Colonel Ellis, commanding the troops on the West Coast of Africa, furnishes a detailed narrative of the recent expedition against the Sofas. The accidental nature of the attack by the French is confirmed.

Thursday. A Royal Commission has been appointed, with Mr. Bryce as chairman, to consider the best means of establishing a well-organised system of secondary education in England.—An explosion occurred at a Government gun-cotton factory at Quinton Hill, Waltham Abbey, inflicting injuries on the master worker and three other men.—The Prince of Wales left London for Paris, *en route* for Marseilles, where he joins his yacht, the *Britannia*.—The *fêtes* in connection with the fifth centenary of Prince Henry the Navigator began at Oporto with the reception of the King and Queen of Portugal. Her Majesty's cruiser *Bellona* arrived from Gibraltar to represent Great Britain.—The Emperor of Austria arrived at Mentone, receiving a telegraphic message of welcome from President Carnot.—The German Navy Estimates show an increase of about £151,000 on the expenditure of last year.—Mr. Westland introduced the Tariff Bill, 1894, in the Legislative Council of India, defending the exchange compensation allowances recently granted to European officials. Lord Kimberley, Secretary for India, at the same time received a deputation representing the Lancashire cotton industries, who waited on him to oppose the rumoured intention of the Indian Government to reimpose the import duties on cotton goods. As the Tariff Bill does not do this, however, the deputation's journey was practically needless.

Friday. Mr. Gladstone left for Windsor this evening. His resignation is the subject of universal comment on the Continent as at home. The Paris *Liberté* thinks that the elimination of Mr. Gladstone will considerably weaken his party at the next election. The *Berliner Tageblatt* thinks "this statesman must be regarded as in more than one respect pernicious to the development of England." The *National Zeitung* declares that with him the greatest and most dangerous enemy to the existing Constitution of Great Britain that ever existed retires from public life. Mr. Gladstone's famous "Hands off, Austria!" phrase is too well remembered in the Vienna Press. On the other hand, in this country some of his most prominent opponents have begun to eulogise him. Sir Edward Clarke, at a dinner of the Horners' Company, spoke of Mr. Gladstone as the most dignified and picturesque figure which, perhaps, had ever adorned the popular Chamber.—The Prince of Wales visited President Carnot at the Elysée.—Princess Christian spoke at a meeting held at the Mansion House in furtherance of the proposed scheme to found a School of Applied Design in connection with the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington. The Marchioness of Lorne distributed the prizes to the pupils in the London schools of the Girls' Public Day Schools

Company.—Another clergyman, the Rev. W. Browne, of the Free Church of England, Liverpool, has disappeared.—The Emperor of Austria staked and lost a few louis at the tables at Monte Carlo.—To-day was a twofold Papal festival, the eighty-fourth anniversary of the Pope's birth and the sixteenth of his coronation.—A Sepoy guard, part of an expedition sent to punish the Abors, a tribe on the north-eastern frontier of India, has been cut off.—A British force has been landed at Bluefields, in the Mosquito territory of Nicaragua, for the purpose of protecting the chief of the district against the attempt of the Nicaraguan Government to break the treaty of 1860, which secured the independence of his territory.

Saturday. It was announced late to-night that Lord Rosebery had become Premier. At a Council at Windsor Castle in the afternoon Mr. Gladstone formally tendered his resignation. He returned to town in the special train which took back the Ministers who had attended the Council, and in the evening dined with Lord Kimberley.—Mr. Ben Tillett, unlike Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Conybeare, rejoices over Lord Rosebery. Addressing the Democratic Club to-night, he said Mr. Gladstone had always been the buffer between Capital and Labour. His withdrawal foreshadowed the breaking-up of the Liberal party, which was a hotch-pot of pseudo-philanthropists and capitalists. Lord Rosebery, despite "the misfortune of his birth," was the most democratic man of his party.—The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland was thrown from his horse while hunting with the Meath Hounds and slightly injured.—There was a private view this afternoon of the mosaics with which the eastern end of St. Paul's Cathedral has been decorated at a cost of £12,000, the work having been carried out by Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A. No fewer than 3,300,000 tesserae have been used.—The remains of Madame Patey were buried in Brompton Cemetery this afternoon.—The *Globe* maintains that not since the death of the Laureate has it received so many memorial verses as in the case of the great singer.—The Brownfield vase, said to be the biggest in the world, was destroyed by a fire that burned down the pottery this morning.

Sunday. Severe fighting is reported to have taken place on the Gambia between the natives and the West India column. One stockaded village was captured after severe fighting, and a joint naval and military attack by land and sea is to be made on Gunjor, Fodi Silah's chief stronghold.—The Balliol College Musical Society to-night held its 185th Sunday concert, which was in memory of the late Master, Professor Jowett.—A yacht race took place at Marseilles. The Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia* won, beating M. Florio's *Valkyrie*.—The Kaiser is said to be in bad health, his nervousness having increased of late by excitement over the Russo-German Treaty.—Kossuth's life is despaired of.—The Cardinal Secretary of State gave a dinner at Rome to the Corps Diplomatique in honour of the sixteenth anniversary of the Pope's coronation.

Monday. Another complication in the political situation appears in the death of Lord Tweedmouth, by which Mr. Marjoribanks becomes a member of the Upper House.—The Queen returned to town to-day.—The March Sessions of the Central Criminal Court began to-day. The calendar was not of an unusually heavy character, there being sixty-nine cases, involving one hundred prisoners.—The Royal Geographical Society held a meeting to commemorate the fifth centenary of the birth of Henry the Navigator.—Mr. Lewis Morris gave an address at the London Institution on the present and future position of poetry in England.—Madame Carnot is again suffering from rheumatism.—It is reported from Lagos that no fewer than thirty-five towns and fifteen persons have been burned in Abeokuto, the country of the Egbas.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, MR. HENRY IRVING. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. MATINEES every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 1.30. MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S FAIRY PANTOMIME, CINDERELLA. Written by Mr. Horace Lennard. Box-office open 10 to 5. Seats secured by letter or telegram. Mr. Joseph Hurst, Acting Manager.

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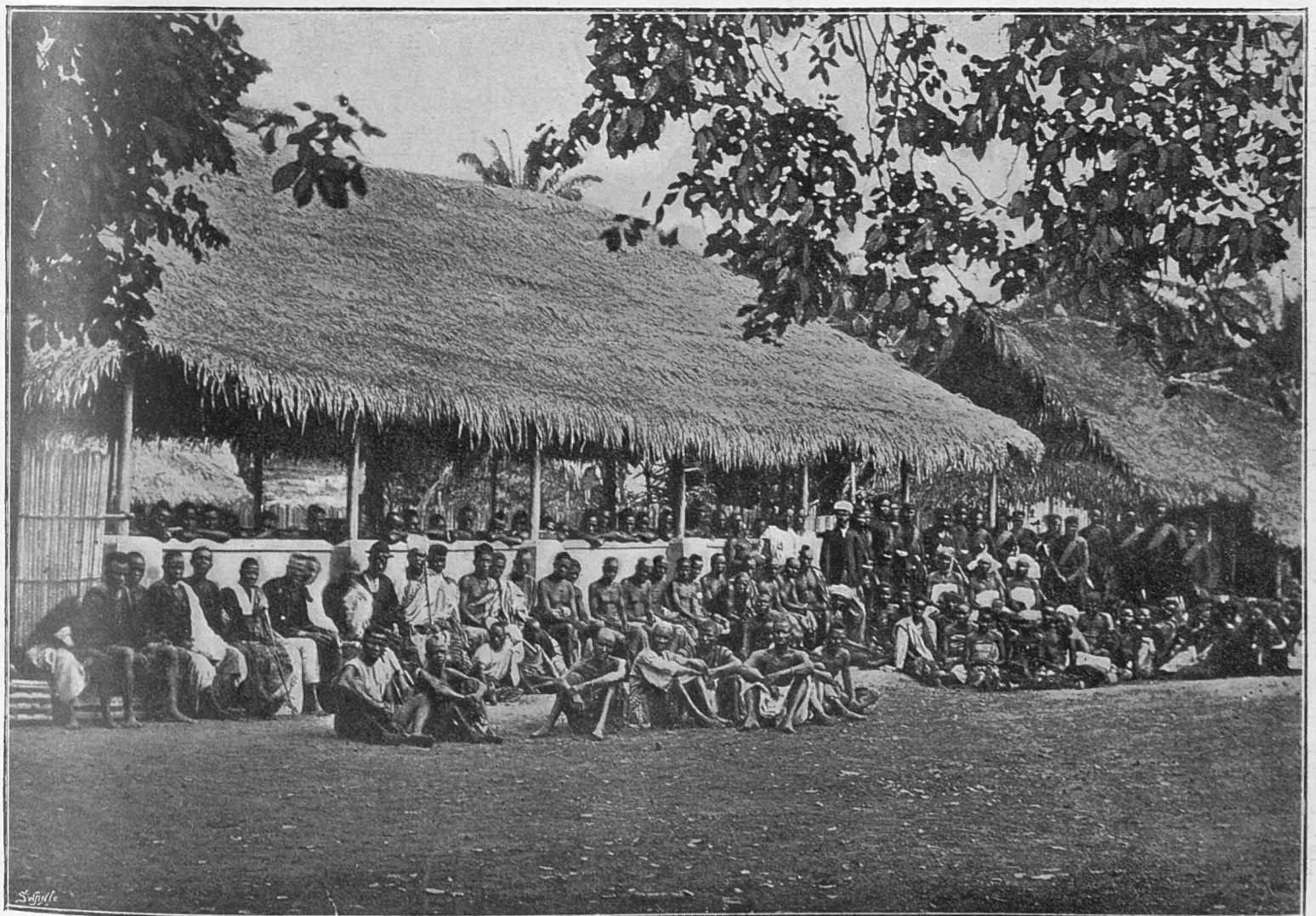
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MADAME PATEY.

Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.

of Madame Sainton-Dolby, whom she was afterwards destined to succeed. Her musical education owed much to many teachers, including Mr. J. Wass, Signor Pinsuti, and Mrs. Sims Reeves. The young singer joined Mr. Henry Leslie's famous choir, an experience which was of considerable advantage to her. Her *début* was, if I mistake not, made at Birmingham under the name of Miss Ellen Andrews, when she suffered severely from stage-fright. So prostrated was she, indeed, by the thunders of applause which greeted her that it was some months before she gained confidence to make another appearance in public. M. Lemmens having heard her, engaged her for a concert tour in 1865, and the following year two events of moment in her career occurred: Miss Whytock married a young baritone singer, Mr. J. G. Patey, who afterwards founded the well-known firm of musical publishers, Messrs. Patey and Willis. Madame Patey in this year attracted great public attention by her remarkable singing at the Three Choirs' Festival in Worcester. It was then that the beauty of her voice, with its deep register and flute-like high notes, and her cultured, devotional style, proclaimed her an oratorio singer worthy to stand in the noble line of those who have for more than a century interpreted sacred music in the Three Cities. Henceforward, Madame Patey was seldom absent from the leading musical events, creating the contralto parts in Sir Julius Benedict's "Peter," Sir George Macfarren's "John the Baptist," Gounod's "Mors et Vita" and "The Redemption," Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," Dr. Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon," and Dr. Parry's "Judith," among other works. In 1871 she visited the United States as a member of a company which included Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Santley. Three years later she charmed the Parisians, under the direction of M. Lamoureux, so much so that the directors of the Paris Conservatoire paid the unique honour of presenting her in 1875 a gold medal as a commemoration of her exquisite singing of "Oh, rest in the Lord," in which Madame Patey was inspired and inspiring. Her *répertoire* of ballads was very popular: chief among the

favourites was "On the Banks of Allan Water," which, pathetically enough, proved to be the last song the gifted singer rendered at Sheffield Tuesday, Feb. 27. Madame Patey had latterly lived a semi-retired life, after her prolonged tour through Australia, Japan, and China. She sang once or twice lately in London, but it was obvious that her powers were hardly equal to the conscientious demands she made upon them. Occasionally, as at a Crystal Palace concert not long ago, her voice thrilled the audience as of yore, and on what has proved literally to be her farewell tour there was no lack of enthusiasm regarding her efforts. For seven weeks Madame Patey had been engaged in saying "Good-bye" to her thousands of admirers in the provinces, and had reached Sheffield, where several times before she had appeared at the Albert Hall. The welcome which greeted her lasted some minutes, and the applause which followed her singing of Handel's "Lascia ch'io pianga" could not be silenced until she had returned to the platform and given "On the Banks of Allan Water." Madame Patey seems to have been overpowered by the emotion of the moment, and after the last notes had been sung she was seized with a stroke of apoplexy from which she never rallied. She was removed to her hotel, where, after a few hours of unconsciousness, she passed away in the presence of her daughter. For many a day thousands whose hearts have been stirred by the grand notes of Madame Patey's voice will sigh for "the sound of a voice that is still."

Popular
Concerts.

The Saturday afternoon audience at St. James's Hall has its special "note," quite different from the aristocratic throng which attends on successive Monday evenings. The latter is, perhaps, the more critical, less ready to applaud, more careful as to when applause may justly be given. For instance, the Saturday patrons occasionally fail to restrain their fervour before the last notes of a movement. There is a great proportion of ladies, almost as many as at a Sarasate recital, to whom an evening concert is inconvenient; there are schools of young ladies, demure and *débonnaire*, who "just love" Paderewski, and are coldly critical as well as envious of Miss Fanny Davies. "Fräulein" accompanies the pupils, over whom the threat of absence from the concerts can be conveniently used to ensure attention to lessons during the week. The "mere men" who are present are there mostly as escorts, and assume a bored expression as the most suitable to classical music. There was no excuse for any pretence of boredom at the concert on the 24th. It began with Cherubini's Quartet in D minor, sprightly and sweet, carefully rendered by MM. Joachim, Ries, Gibson, and Piatti. The last-named played the 'cello accompaniment to "A Summer Night," sung by Madame Alice Gomez with true feeling. Schumann's Kreisleriana makes a rather severe tax on one's attention, even when Miss Fanny Davies is at the piano. She gave the work all due thought and expression, and had difficulty in resisting an encore. Gade's Capriccio in A minor was Dr. Joachim's solo, the piano accompaniment being equally well played by artistic Mr. H. Bird. Madame Gomez sang Schubert's "The Linden Tree," and a most enjoyable feast of music concluded with Beethoven's Sonata in A major.

The very unusual attraction of hearing Lady Hallé and Herr Joachim in combination as interpreters of Bach's Concerto in D minor probably accounted for the very large audience which assembled on the 26th. At this Lenten season Bach's immortal works are very much in request, and we all become sympathisers, more or less, with the Bach Society. As may be imagined, the famous concerto was exquisitely rendered. This was inevitable in the case of two of the greatest violinists in the nineteenth century, while the careful accompaniment of Mr. Bird added to the splendid effect. The notes of each instrument seemed the echo of the other. One movement was repeated in response to the extremely enthusiastic applause. People of a reminiscent turn of mind could not help contrasting the playing of Dr. Joachim with that of the lately deceased Sivori, who held the musical world in thrall at the period of the former's first appearance in London. This season Dr. Joachim's power seems to have reached its zenith for smooth certainty and fine *attaque*. Filling at short notice the place of Miss Margaret Hoare, a most pleasing impression was speedily created by Miss Dale, who sang in excellent style, and displayed a sweet voice of considerable range. Her name is quite new to me, and I can only congratulate Miss Dale on a great success under circumstances the reverse of favourable for a new-comer. The pianist was Mdlle. Ilona Eibenschütz, who gave Beethoven's Sonata in C minor with admirable emphasis. My neighbour found R. L. Stevenson's "Treasure Island" more exciting, however, and I cannot quite blame him. The conclusion of the programme consisted of three pieces by Rubinstein, capitably played by Mdlle. Eibenschütz and Signor Piatti.

I sincerely hope that the rumour that Anton Rubinstein *Olla Podrida* may be present at one of the Philharmonic Concerts will prove correct, for it is a long time since we were able to compare the great pianist's playing with Adams's clever account of it.—The students of the Royal Academy of music gave a successful display of their admirable training and natural gifts on the 26th at St. James's Hall.—Mr. F. H. Cowen promises a series of Saturday evening concerts in the Queen's Hall, which has speedily justified its existence and is becoming in great demand.—The Royal Choral Society gave a good performance last Thursday, at the Albert Hall, of Gounod's "Mors et Vita" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," under Sir J. Barnby's conductorship. The soloists were Mrs. Eaton, Miss Marie Brema, Herr von Bandrowski (from Frankfort), and Mr. Watkin Mills. LUTE.

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Calling at his home in Sutherland Avenue to offer the composer my congratulations on his becoming an octogenarian, I found him wonderfully full of vitality, which many a much younger man might envy. He talked of life as though he had never heard of such a thing as pessimism, of his music as if it were a living and essential part of himself.

After a cordial welcome from the composer and Mrs. Salaman, a dear, sweet, old lady, who is herself within three years of eighty, I was led upstairs to the drawing-room. But the ascent of those stairs is

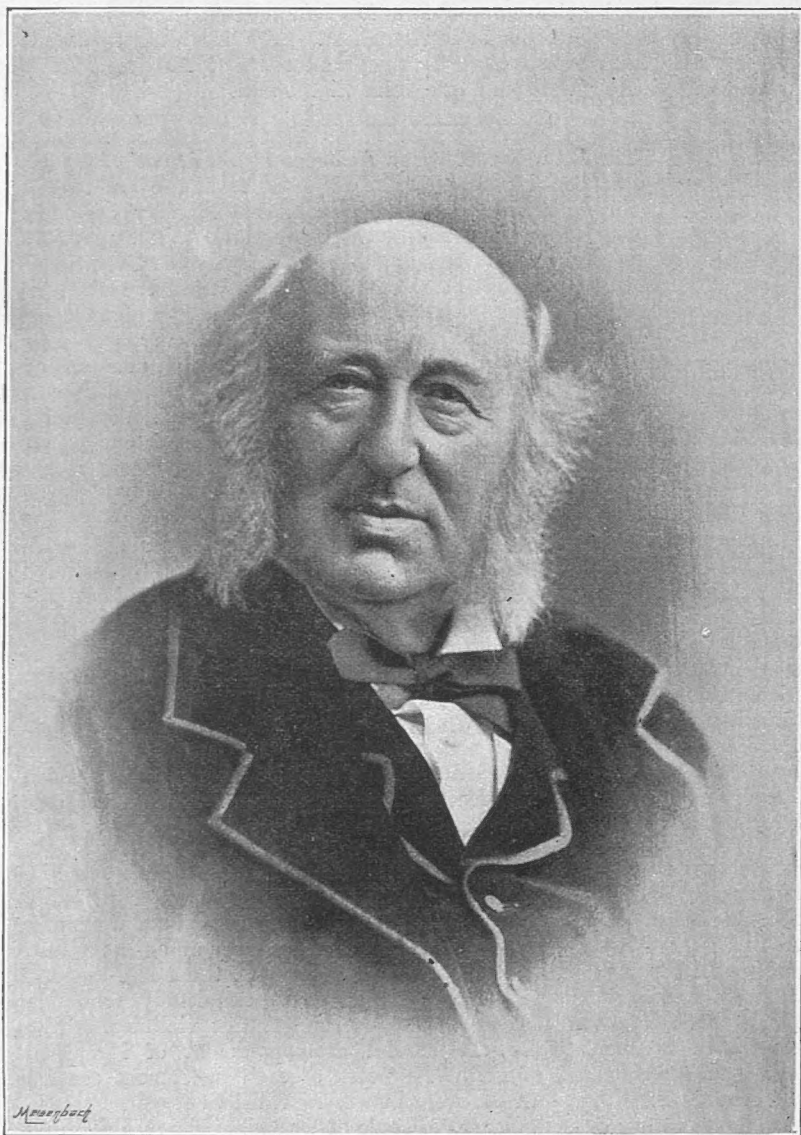


Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.
MR. SALAMAN.

necessarily a slow progress, for the walls are eloquent of Mr. Salaman's early career. Passing by playbills of David Garrick, John Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, one is arrested by a series of framed concert programmes of considerable interest. One of these, dated June 23, 1828, announces the first appearance of "Master C. Salaman," and the performance of his first published song, "Oh, come, dear Louisa." Another is dated June 16, 1829, at the old Argyll Rooms. There are the programmes, also, of his first two orchestral concerts, that of May 30, 1833, bearing such historic names as Pasta and Schroeder-Devrient, while that of April 16, 1834, marks the first appearance of Grisi at a concert in England. Then a bill of the King's Theatre, Haymarket, dated May 29, 1830, announces the performance of the Shakspeare Jubilee Ode, a cantata written by the young composer at the invitation of the Jubilee Committee for performance at Stratford-on-Avon; while a Covent Garden Lenten concert programme of March 10, 1830, sets forth that Mr. Salaman would perform a grand fantasia upon the pianoforte. In addition to these are his diplomas as honorary member of the Academy of St. Cecilia of Rome, 1846, the Roman Philharmonic Society, 1847, and member of the Royal Society of Musicians, 1837, and a testimonial from the Musical Society of London, of which he was one of the founders and for ten years the honorary secretary. These interesting mementoes could not but "give me pause" when I realised that the young musician who had taken part in those far-off performances was the venerable gentleman who in a few minutes was to be playing me his new "Love Song."

"You see, I keep my fingers," said the octogenarian pianist, turning to me with all the enthusiasm of a young *virtuoso* in his first season.

"Indeed, you do," I answered; "and you keep your heart, too, young as ever. And yet you played duets with Liszt as long ago as 1827, you have told me!"

"Yes, and look here—Liszt's first published works, with his dedication, 'From Master Liszt to Master Salaman,' with several pages he altered specially for me in his own manuscript. He was a pale-faced boy of fifteen when I first knew him, and the first time I heard him play was at a Philharmonic Concert, when Clementi, 'the father of the pianoforte,' then in his seventy-fifth year, was present, and applauded the marvellous boy."

"What is the earliest event of importance that you can personally remember?"

"Well, let me see—on the day of George the Fourth's coronation, in 1820—I was six years old then—I distinctly remember sitting with my parents at a window in Whitehall and seeing Queen Caroline drive past in her open carriage, accompanied by Alderman Wood, on her way to claim admission to the Abbey. After being refused, she drove back with a very dejected look on her face—that I remember perfectly. George IV. I never saw; but I was present at the coronation of William IV. and Queen Adelaide. I was then seventeen, and I remember my joy at receiving a card of admission to the Abbey. I had, of course, to wear a Court suit, and, although the ceremony did not take place till eleven o'clock, people were making their way to the Abbey by four o'clock in the morning. It was a weary waiting, but I was young and did not mind, though I vainly tried to keep my feet warm by putting them into my cocked hat."

"You have written a great many songs and pianoforte pieces, have you not, Mr. Salaman?"

"Yes; but you don't hear so much of my music, because I have never written for the popular market. I write to please myself, and I am content with the appreciation of the select few until the 'shop song' has had its day and the wide public find out my other works as they found out 'I Arise from Dreams of Thee,' after it had been continuously sung to them for some years. So little did I realise its commercial value when I wrote it in 1836 that I absolutely gave it away, with the other five songs that were issued with it, and never received a penny for it until the copyright reverted to me twenty-eight years afterwards, and even then I foolishly sold it for sixty pounds, although its sale in all these years must have realised many thousands."

"I suppose, when you wrote your settings of Horace, Catullus, and Anacreon to the original Latin and Greek texts, you scarcely expected that they would be popular?"

"No; the idea of setting 'Ad Chloen' appealed to me as an artistic experiment, and its success encouraged me to set the Horace and Lydia duet, 'Donec Gratus,' and then I thought I would try Greek, and so set an ode of Anacreon. When I thought of composing a Hebrew love song everybody thought nobody would sing it, yet it has been one of the most successful of my later songs."

Mr. Salaman then crossed the room and opened the harpsichord, a splendid instrument with a double key-board, and bearing the legend, "Jacobus Kirekman, Londini, Fecit, 1768." This, Mr. Salaman told me, was selected at the maker's establishment by the celebrated Dr. Burney, the musical historian and friend of Dr. Johnson, for the mother of the old lady who bequeathed it to its present owner. It was on this historic instrument that Mr. Salaman played to the Queen and Prince Albert about forty years ago, when he gave them a private discourse on the history of the pianoforte and its precursors, a subject which he was the first to study and write upon.

The mention of this led to reminiscences of a charming musical morning Mr. Salaman spent with the Prince Consort at Buckingham Palace in the year 1841. And one reminiscence led to another, until all kinds of famous people came trooping out of the mists of the past, for among musicians Mr. Salaman has personally known Mendelssohn, Schumann, Hummel, Chopin, Moscheles, Meyerbeer, Spohr, Thalberg, Wagner, Heller, Balfe, Wallace, Bishop, Czerny, John Barnett, Sterndale Bennett, Verdi, and Gounod. He has known and heard Catalani, Pasta, Grisi, Malibran, Lablache, Clara Novello, the great Braham, and countless other vocalists of eminence: he has heard all the greatest pianists from John Cramer to Paderewski; he was present at Paganini's first appearance in England, as well as at Joachim's, when, exactly fifty years ago, the boy of thirteen electrified a Philharmonic audience by his marvellous playing of Beethoven's violin concerto, under the direction of Mendelssohn, whose pleased countenance he watched with interest. Mr. Salaman has danced a quadrille with Malibran while Thalberg and De Beriot played the dance music; he has played a trio on three pianos with Schumann, then—in 1838—but little known, and Mozart's son; he has known and visited Mozart's widow, then an old lady of eighty; he has heard Mendelssohn, Moscheles, and Thalberg play a triple concerto by Bach, when each had to finish with an improvised cadence, and Mendelssohn roused his audience to enthusiasm with a wonderful rush of octaves.

Countless are the historic "first nights," operatic and dramatic, that Mr. Salaman can recall, and it is interesting to hear him contrasting the present with the past in matters artistic, not too often to the advantage of the present. Mr. Salaman, however, is not one to indulge too much as *laudator temporis acti* to the exclusion of all that is of to-day. That is why, at the age of eighty, he can still write impassioned love songs and still make the soul of the piano sing.

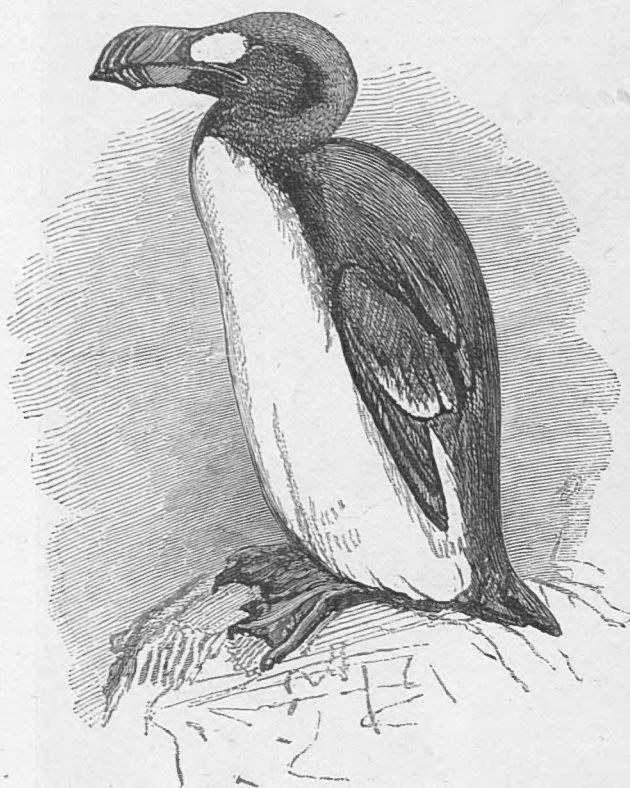


MISS PATTIE BROWNE AS MRS. LAPPET IN "DICK SHERIDAN," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

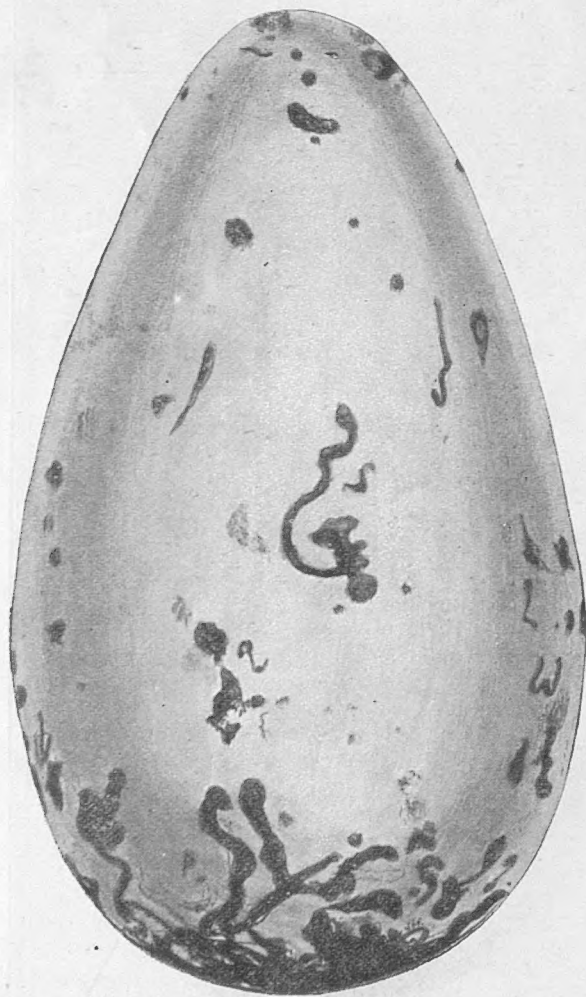
AN EXTRAORDINARY EGG.

The purchase of the Great Auk's egg by Sir Vauncey Crewe for 300 guineas has created much interest. Once on a time the bird was so plentiful that sailors used to be fed on it. The last bird shot in these islands was in 1834, near Waterford, and the Great Auk is believed



THE GREAT AUK.

to have been extinct since 1844. At present all we have left of this fine bird are 79 or 81 skins, 10 skeletons, the detached bones of from 121 to 131 birds, and 68 eggs, of which 46 are in this country, nine belonging to Mr. Champley, of Scarborough, whose sketch of the egg just sold is



THE EGG SOLD FOR 300 GUINEAS.

here reproduced. It once belonged to Yarrell, the great ornithologist, who bought it from a Boulogne fisherman for two francs. It was sold, on Yarrell's death, to Mr. Bond, the naturalist, and passed with his collection in 1875 to Baron Louis d'Hamonville.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

Seldom has a more disgraceful scene been enacted in any Parisian theatre than that which took place at the Opéra Comique a few nights ago. The cause of the scandal was the *début* of Mdle. Jane Harding in M. Saint-Saëns' opera "Phryne." This young lady originally came from the south of France, but is well known in the gay world of Paris. She is a noted yachtswoman, rather pretty, and possesses a wonderfully graceful figure, which is never trammelled by corsets. Her admirers persuaded her to make practical use of her really good voice, and with their assistance she was engaged to replace Sybil Sanderson in the rôle of Phryne.

The appearance of the actress on the stage was the signal for a scandalous outburst of hisses, whistlings, cat-calls, and hootings, while a perfect shower of dead rabbits, bad fish, rotten eggs, carrots, and cabbages rained down upon her. Mdle. Harding, however, maintained the greatest self-possession, and when the tumult had subsided a little began singing with all the *sangfroid* imaginable, although a lady in the stage-box and a gentleman in the stalls kept up a perfect vegetarian protest the whole time.

In the corridors, at the end of the first act, the indignant audience were loud and emphatic at the bad taste displayed by the director, M. Carvalho, in allowing a woman of notorious character to appear on his stage. The lady of the stage-box was in a state of the greatest excitement, and was repeating to her many acquaintances, "She took my husband from me and spent my fortune, and nobody shall prevent me hissing her off the stage." The piece was continued with the same uproar, and only at the fall of the curtain was anything like order restored.

The second night was rather better, although the reception of Mdle. Harding was anything but flattering. A lady in the balcony stalls suddenly liberated two pigeons she had brought with her in a basket, but she, with several other ladies, was at once arrested. One was subsequently allowed to go home, in view of the provocation she had received from the actress. This was the Comtesse d'Estaing, who was so violent the first night.

The Pope has formally annulled the marriage of the Comte and Comtesse Maurice Fleury, on the ground that the Comtesse was forced into the alliance on leaving the convent, and from other proofs which she was able to furnish. The Comtesse, therefore, follows the usual foreign custom of resuming her maiden name, and will, consequently, be known in future as the Baronne Madeleine Deslandes.

The unnatural monster Lesteven, better known as the "Terror of Montmartre," who was recently sentenced to death, evaded Deibler's assistance by jumping out of a window in the Roquette Prison at a considerable height, and, his head striking against the hard pavement with great force, death was instantaneous. This fiend's practice was to allure females to his lodgings under promises of money, and there ill-treat them in the most inhuman manner possible, such as knocking out their teeth, burning their flesh, and tearing out their hair by the roots, and always finished up this awful programme by flinging his poor victims out of the window. At the trial no less than nine girls gave evidence to this effect, the last one having to be assisted into court, dreadfully disfigured and a cripple for life by the wretch.

Prisoners under sentence of death are allowed to walk up and down the court-yard for a certain time daily, escorted by two warders. Lesteven, evidently, had everything quite cut and dry for his plan, and made his escape from the escort with the greatest facility up the staircase to the window whence he precipitated himself. The warders say that the idea of their prisoner committing suicide never entered their heads, he had always been so quiet since his imprisonment, playing cards with them, &c., and they considered him quite a gentleman.

It is curious to note that Lesteven, although popularly supposed to be a Spaniard, was the son of honest, hard-working Brittany parents, who have no less than nineteen children living.

Madame Alziary de Roquefort has been sentenced to eight years' imprisonment for fatally shooting her legal adviser, M. Jean, in the Church of St. Antoine, at Montpellier, last August. For her defence she stated that M. Jean had robbed her right and left, and in advising her to take legal proceedings against different people in her debt he had caused her to lose no less than thirty-eight cases. In her defence it was also stated that at the funeral of the lawyer the public said, "*Voilà un notaire qu'on aurait dû tuer plus tôt.*" She regretted very much that she had been guilty of such a sacrilegious act as to kill him in the church, but when she saw the sanctimonious hypocrite seated there she saw "*rouge*," and she could not restrain herself. Great sympathy was shown to the lady, who is completely ruined by her processes, and it was confidently expected that she would have been acquitted.—MIMOSA.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

IN A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

At the far end of Queen Anne Street, whose grey, gloomy houses are mostly inhabited by members of the kill-or-cure profession (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), you light upon a veritable oasis in the



Photo by the Cameron Studio, Mortimer Street, W.
MR. WOOD IN HIS STUDIO.

desert, in the shape of a quaint doorway, which admits you to a curiosity shop *par excellence*, or, rather, one of the few really artistic studios to be found in London.



THE CRAWFORD MEMORIAL.

"How do you do? Come in. We are in rather a confusion here, owing to work-people and the electric light." It is Mr. Percy Wood, the well-known sculptor, who, with his cigar between his fingers, draws back the heavy curtains which divide his sanctum from the hall, and genially bids me enter. He looks exactly what he is, an artist, but an artist with the highest culture of clubland. Light-hearted, humorous, and keenly observant, he still holds in his hand the best days of his manhood. While he is speeding the departure of a friend, I take the opportunity of wandering round. *Objets d'art*, curios from all lands, are scattered around with combined neatness and

negligence. Indian bead-work, war clubs, bows and arrows, and trophies of all descriptions remind me I am in the haunts of Rihrahwagada, "the Lasting One," chief of the Mohawks, and that it was the Canadian Indians who were the first to honour the skill of his chisel. The walls are covered with pictures and draperies, gems by Menpes, water-colours by Birket Foster, "The Tale of Lætitia," told in Morland's best style, eastern and western embroideries, rich in work and gorgeous in colour, while an odd-looking screen is almost hidden by the costume of a high dame of Tokio.

"A proof of my vandalism," remarks Mr. Wood, pointing to an inkstand; "it is part of the top of the highest tower in Delhi—the Kootub. I knocked it off to bring away with me as a reminiscence of my stay there. That," seeing my attention is attracted by some cloth, exquisitely beaded, "is the saddle-cloth of an Indian chief, given me by Major Todd, who saw the man shot in the North-West Rebellion."

"When did your fancy first turn to stone?" I query, as we come face to face with an exquisite statue, "Siren," by Mr. Marshall Wood, which is finished with such a nicety of stroke that it is disappointing to feel the rise and fall of flesh is impassive stone.

"I think I was born to follow my father's profession. I lived in the studio with my father from earliest boyhood. I tried painting first, then

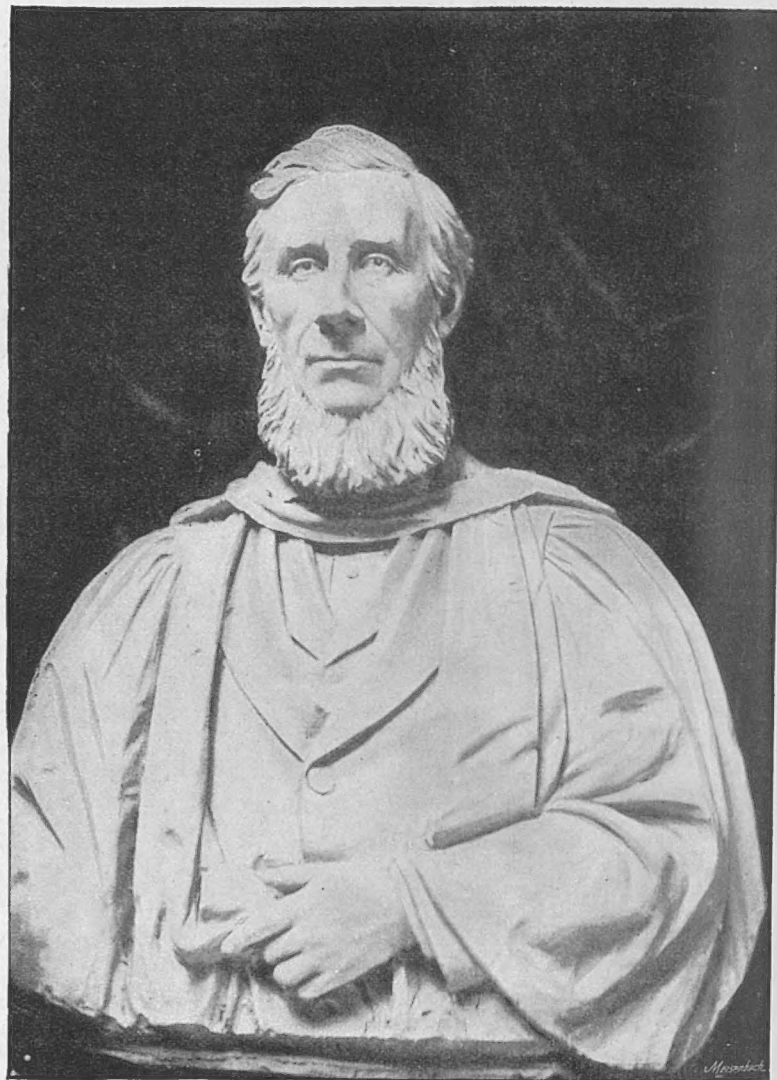


Photo by the Cameron Studio, Mortimer Street, W.
BUST OF THE LATE PROFESSOR TYNDALL BY MR. WOOD.

gave it up for my chisel. My first public work was a memorial to the family of De Blaxland: it was a success, and was sent to Sydney. My last work is still in my studio. Come in and see it."

We pass into the studio, which is full of statues, busts, engravings, and souvenirs of his work.

"That is my latest." It is the bust of Professor Tyndall—passive, simple, dignified, and yet so touched with life that I feel inclined to hush the incident Mr. Wood is relating, lest he should speak.

"You will see I have introduced the hand in this bust, an unusual precedent, but it was at the express wish of Mrs. Tyndall. As you have doubtless heard, she was a devoted wife, and has taken the keenest interest in my work. She, with Lady Tollemache, her sister, has personally superintended every detail and given me all assistance in their power. Professor Huxley, who accompanied Mrs. Tyndall on her last visit, very kindly gave his opinion that the work could not be improved, and urged Mrs. Tyndall not to allow it to be touched again. Sir John Lubbock also expressed the same opinion. You will notice that the hands are singularly small and well formed for a man."

Next to the Professor is a bust of the late Sir Andrew Clark, and Mr. Wood informs me that, oddly enough, he never saw him during his lifetime, though he was so near a neighbour, and that Mr. Gladstone, on his recent visit to his studio to see the memorial bust of his old friend and physician, in conveying his compliments to the sculptor, remarked

in the same breath, "The sight was all the more painful when the likeness was so good."

"When do you consider you scored your first success?"

"In the Brant Memorial to the Six Nations. It was interesting work. For six months previous to commencing it I lived entirely with the Indians, studying their manners and customs, and I not only pleased the Government, but also the Indians, who, as a token of their appreciation of my skill, presented me with a string of wampum and made me chief. As you will see in the engraving, each nation was represented by a figure—Mohawk, Onondaga, Seneca, Tuscarora, Oneida, and Cayuga. The relief and figures were cast from guns used in the Crimea. The next most interesting subject was the memorial to Jack Crawford,



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE
VISITING MR. WOOD'S STUDIO TO
INSPECT THE BUST OF
THE LATE SIR ANDREW CLARK.

the Camperdown hero. You see, he is represented nailing the colours to the mast with the butt-end of his pistol. Anything outside the ordinary every-day dress of a man is a relief."

Mr. Wood has numerous amusing stories to relate regarding his sitters. One man insisted on having his stud introduced, because he had worn it fifty years. Bishop Short, of Adelaide, an old Westminster boy, while sitting, delighted to recount the exploits of his school days, especially dwelling on the fact of having fought a butcher-boy and licked him. Near the door we come to an engraving of the statue of the Queen and Prince Consort which he executed for Lancaster as a memorial of the Queen's Jubilee.

"That was a rather difficult subject to work out. Sir T. Storey wished the Queen to be represented in widow's weeds, apparently in deep thought, and the Prince Consort was to represent her thought. Now, a ghost in stone is rather a tall order; however, I am glad to say I was successful in carrying out Sir T. Storey's ideal and in pleasing the Prince of Wales, who, with his unfailing courtesy and affability, visited my studio at Chelsea and expressed his approbation. Yes, I work quickly, and never put a high finish on my work, believing the best is that which retains the mark of the chisel."

R. C.

HOW MR. GLADSTONE BECAME SIR ANDREW CLARK'S PATIENT.

Mrs. Gladstone's letter to the librarian of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, in which she mentions the fact that Mr. Herbert Gladstone was the first member of the family who came under the care of Sir Andrew Clark, is very interesting; but it would have been even more so had not her dislike of talking about her own good works led her to omit the details of the incident which first brought Sir (then Mr.) Andrew Clark into touch with the Gladstone family. Years ago, when Herbert Gladstone was so small a boy that he had not even been sent to Eton, he was frequently taken by his mother to the London Hospital, in which Mrs. Gladstone has always taken the kindest interest. At that time he was very delicate, and great anxiety was felt about him by his mother. This was known to one old woman in particular, then an in-patient of the hospital, and each time that Mrs. Gladstone replied to her inquiry after "Master Herbert" that he was no better the persistent old dame would urge upon her visitor to let him see her doctor, "young Mr. Clark," who at that time occupied a modest position on the hospital staff. As with the importunate widow, the old lady's

pertinacity had its effect, and after a while Mrs. Gladstone asked "young Mr. Clark" to see her son. The result was a speedy and unmistakable improvement, which enabled the small Herbert to go to Eton. But not long after he had joined the famous school he had a somewhat serious relapse, whereupon "young Mr. Clark" was despatched to Eton, and again pulled his young patient through, this time with lasting success. From that day forward Mrs. Gladstone, always the kindest and most devoted of mothers, was the young doctor's firm friend, and when, a year or so later, Mr. Gladstone himself was unwell, his ever-anxious wife persuaded him also to see her favourite doctor. What the result of it was all the world now knows. Mrs. Gladstone's generous introduction to her distinguished husband, "You would be safe in the hands of that great Dr. Clark," was not only prophetic, but it was at the root of the splendid practice which the clever physician enjoyed for so many years. But if his success were traced back to its absolute origin it would be found in the persistency of the old dame in the London Hospital, who, even at that early date, had learned to pin her faith without reserve to the skill and wisdom of "young Mr. Clark." Sir Andrew Clark, however, was not the only professional man who owed to Mr. Gladstone's influence and large-hearted appreciation of exceptional ability a great proportion of his success. I know an instance of an estate agent in the West End, whom, having been pleased with something carried out for him, Mr. Gladstone recommended right and left, with the result of a splendid practice, built up with phenomenal rapidity and producing

an income of many thousands a year. The value of "a great name" receives very practical illustration in cases such as these, for the accuracy of which I can vouch, and, of course, this value is enhanced when the influence used is that of a man of such high personal character, as well as brilliant intellectuality, as Mr. Gladstone.

A. G.

A LETTER-BOX PROTECTOR.

The little games of agile-fingered folk in respect to letters passing through the post has, no doubt, often caused qualms to every one of us after having dropped an unutterably precious love-letter or more materially convertible possession in the letter-box. And it will rejoice many to learn that a simple but ingenious contrivance, by which all communication is cut off with the other letters when dropping one into the pillar or box, has just been invented by Mr. Campbell, who, standing in relation to the Duke of Westminster as his house-steward, has cultivated the inventive afflatus to such good purpose that there may now be seen in the hall at Grosvenor House an interesting exhibition of models of door, wall, and pillar boxes, of which the postal authorities as well as the public will, doubtless, at once see the merit.

SMALL TALK.

The arrangements at the Villa Fabbriotti are now completed. The Queen's own apartments are on the first floor, and consist of a bed-room, opening into a dressing-room, a sitting-room, in which "affairs" will be daily transacted with Sir Henry Ponsonby and Lord Spencer, a private dining-room, and a boudoir. Accommodation is also provided on this floor for two of her Majesty's "dressers." There are open fireplaces in all the rooms, in which logs will be burnt. The private dining-room will always be used by the Queen for breakfast, but luncheon and dinner will be taken in the large dining-room on the ground floor. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg will be accommodated on the second floor, where a sitting-room and music-room have been fitted up for the Princess and a smoking-room for Prince Henry. Lady Churchill also has her apartments on this floor.

During her visit to the Queen at Windsor the Empress Frederick occupied the suite of apartments known as the "Tapestry Rooms," which open from the grand corridor, and are near the Queen's own rooms. The walls of the sitting-room are hung with the most beautiful old tapestry, and the windows command a fine view over the Home Park. The bed-rooms and dressing-rooms of the suite are hung with portraits of the late Emperors William and Frederick, the present Emperor, Prince Frederick Charles, and the late Princess Alice. There is also a very fine portrait of Queen Caroline, which was brought from Claremont.

At the Drawing Room last week the Queen was only a few minutes late in entering the Throne Room. The royalties present having been duly arranged in the regulation circle, the Queen at once took her place in front of the state chair. Lady Spencer, standing at the right hand of her Majesty, then proceeded to present the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps in the order of their precedence. There was a very full attendance of diplomats, who made a brave show in their gorgeous uniforms, covered with gold lace and blazing with decorations. They came past after the ladies, each being named by Colonel Colville, the new Master of the Ceremonies. Then came the Cabinet Ministers, in Privy Councillors' uniform, who knelt and kissed the Queen's hand. Next followed the *entrée* company, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson and the Lord Chancellor and Lady Herschell. It was, comparatively, a very small Drawing Room, and there was consequently less crushing and wrangling at the barriers than usual, while the arrangements for getting away were excellent.

When the Queen goes to Coburg for the marriage of her granddaughter, she will not, I understand, occupy rooms in the celebrated Ehrenburg Palace, which is the old town residence of the Dukes of Coburg, built in the sixteenth century, and which contains the celebrated library, and boasts some of that wonderful inlaid work for which Coburg is still famous. Neither will her Majesty occupy rooms in the ancient castle that overlooks the town, for this grand old edifice has ceased to be a ducal residence, and the massive walls that defied Wallenstein in the Thirty Years' War and those historic rooms in which Luther was so long confined are employed for the purposes of a museum. The Queen will, I believe, occupy a suite of rooms in a small palace—the Hofgarten, if I remember rightly, is the name—where she stayed in 1876, a palace that for some years belonged to the Duke of Edinburgh before he inherited the more august title of Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

Many of us who have not been "dragged up" in the precincts of royal courts might possibly be puzzled how to behave were we suddenly brought into the presence of majesty. Should we, I wonder, get over our difficulty as successfully as did three little maidens of whom I was told the other day? It was during the Queen's stay in Scotland that she one afternoon "commanded" the presence of the three small daughters of a local parson. These young ladies were much exercised as to the manner in which they should salute their Sovereign, and on their way to the palace discussed the question very seriously. Their acquaintance with Scripture appears to have stood them in good stead, for, when ushered into the Queen's presence, I am told that they prostrated themselves before that august lady in Eastern fashion, crying as with one voice, "O Queen, live for ever!" My informant assured me that her Majesty was greatly amused at the quaint ceremonial which the juvenile trio thought it proper to adopt.

The tenth anniversary of the Duke of Albany's death (Wednesday, 28th) is to be commemorated at Cannes by a special service in the English Church of St. George. This church contains a very fine monument of the late Duke.

The truth of the old proverb that threatened men live long is being once more exemplified by the continued existence of the Royal Buckhounds. Two years ago it was positively stated that the days of the royal pack were numbered, and that at the conclusion of the 1892-3 season Lord Ribblesdale would deliver up the silver couples and the hunt become a memory of the past. The present Government, when they came into office, made no secret of their desire to get rid of the expense involved by the Buckhounds, and it was equally an open secret that Lord Sydney, Lord Cross, and Sir Reginald Welby, when they were requested some years ago by the Queen to see what economies could be made in the royal expenditure, unanimously selected the royal pack as one of the old institutions that might be advantageously dispensed with. Yet, Lord Ribblesdale is still in the stirrups, constantly affording excellent sport to large fields, and during the past season nothing more has been heard of the extinction of the Queen's Buckhounds.

Another of the old-established private banks of the Metropolis, that of Sir Samuel Scott, Bart., and Co., of Cavendish Square, has followed the example of many others, and has within the last few days been absorbed by Parr's Banking Company, which had already joined forces with the Alliance Bank. It is just seventy years since the second baronet of the Scott family, Sir Samuel, himself the son of a Westminster banker, founded the fortunes of the well-known house, which has latterly numbered the Duke of Fife and Sir Horace Farquhar among its partners. There have been six holders of the title since it was bestowed on the first Sir Claude in 1821, and of these two brothers Sir Claude (father of Lady Russell and Mrs. Dick Russell) and Sir Edward (the father of the present baronet) died within a short time of each other—Sir Claude in 1880, Sir Edward three years later. The present holder of the title, who bears the name of his great-grandfather, the founder of the bank, will attain his majority this autumn.

The new Abbey Church at Fort Augustus, which now possesses the Albert Palace organ, is situated on the Caledonian Canal, between Loch Ness and Loch Oich. Fort Augustus, built originally by the celebrated General Wade, in the early part of last century, to overawe the clans who fought for Bonnie Prince Charlie, was sold by the Government nearly thirty years ago to the late Lord Lovat, one of the great supporters of Catholicism in Scotland, and was given by that nobleman with some surrounding land to the Benedictine Order, who have built, in the Early English style, at a heavy cost, a great college, hospice, scriptorium, and the superb Abbey Church.

The Navy scare has given birth to the Nelson and Wellington tableaux at the Oxford and Canterbury music-halls, and the names of these mighty men naturally recall a somewhat similar scare about ninety years ago, when Napoleon was the terror of John Bull. The accompanying caricature, only one of many that were published, gives an idea—more or less grotesque, of course—of the feeling that existed in England when Napoleon was sweeping Europe with his victorious armies. Compared to the anxiety then felt, the present scare can hardly be said to have frightened anybody except that select circle of experts who are supposed to be "in the know." The weird, windmill-driven hulk that is seen ploughing its way triumphantly Thameswards in the print would be the subject of scorn to-day, but then it was a real terror.



I have before me two songs that bear a remarkable pair of dates, "I Arise from Dreams of Thee" (1836) and "A Love Song" (1894). Fifty-eight years seems a tremendous working time for a man, and yet it can honestly be said that in "A Love Song" Mr. Charles Salaman, who last Sunday celebrated his eightieth birthday, shows no signs of any loss of power or skill. It may not have quite the passion of the earlier song, yet it possesses a fresh, charming melody, treated in



FROM MR. SALAMAN'S ORIGINAL MS. OF HIS NEW SONG.

a style that puts it on a higher level than the ordinary drawing-room ballad. The nicely handled, syncopated accompaniment and graceful use of the device so constantly employed by the great Robert Franz in his splendid songs of repeating a phrase, beginning it the second time one note higher or lower, make it charming to those who demand more than a taking melody. His son, Mr. Malcolm Salaman, the dramatic critic and author of the popular book, "Woman Through a Man's Eyeglass," has written the stanzas, which not only have a pleasing vein of passion but also the singable quality often lacking in poetry of higher pretension. Even if one cannot predict for "A Love Song" the prodigious success of its predecessor of fifty-eight years ago, one can, at least, feel sure that it will be sung far and wide, as it deserves to be.

Two stories recently told at the Maccabæan Club by Mr. Kennan, the well-known writer, are worth perpetuating as being illustrative of the methods of the Russian police. There had been a discovery of some Nihilist plot in an out-of-the-way corner of St. Petersburg, and the *Standard* correspondent came to hear of it. Eager for copy, he went at once to the quarter, and after some search found the required house. The room he wanted was on the third floor, and, reaching it, he found a police-officer in possession. "May I come in?" said the correspondent. "Certainly," replied the officer. And the correspondent came. Having taken a good view of the surroundings, he turned to depart, but the officer barred the way. "You may not pass, Sir," he said. "But you said I might come in," remonstrated the man of ink. "Quite so," responded the limb of the law. "Everyone who wishes may come in, but he will be under arrest immediately." In vain the journalist explained his business; the officer told him he would be detained until he could be sent to the police-station to explain. With feelings for which language has no equivalent, the unfortunate representative of the *Standard* went to the open window, and, leaning out of it, lighted a cigarette. In a few minutes he saw a sight which filled him with joy. Down the street, looking carefully from one house to another, came Mr. Dobson, the correspondent of the *Times*, evidently also on copy bent. The imprisoned one hailed him, and the following dialogue took place—

STANDARD REPRESENTATIVE. Hullo! where are you going?

TIMES REPRESENTATIVE. Trying to find that Nihilist place.

S. R. Oh, this is it!

T. R. Really? Can I come up?

S. R. Yes; anyone can come up.

In another moment the *Times* was represented in the room, and Mr. Dodson took a critical survey and then turned to his friend, suggesting they should go off together. Not getting a reply, he turned to the door, and the police-officer enlightened him. The companions in misfortune waited three or four hours for more officers to turn up, and when at last they did appear they marched the Englishmen off to the police-station, whence the British Legation was consulted, and the correspondents were at length set free.

Mr. Kennan explained that arrests of political suspects are generally made in Russia in the small hours of the morning, and after the unhappy persons have been hurried off to prison the police remain in possession and arrest everyone who comes to the house on any pretext. That this benevolent custom sometimes leads to results not in the programme will be found from the following tale, also told by Mr. Kennan, and very well told, too, let me add.

The head governess of a certain large girls' school had a brother who dabbled in politics, and was, accordingly, arrested suddenly. The governess had called at the brother's house shortly afterwards, and was, of course, likewise detained. Now, it happened that on the following day the Government inspector was going to the school to examine or give prizes, or do something in his official capacity. The day arrived—as the day has a habit of doing; the other governesses, the pupils, and the inspector did likewise; but this particular governess, who was required to complete the entertainment, was found wanting. Fearing she had been taken ill, one in authority sent off a scholar in a cab with an

unpronounceable name to find what was the matter. Of course, the scholar was arrested. At the school everyone fumed, and ere an hour had elapsed another scholar was despatched, to fall into the arms of the police. With a worried look, the head assistant-mistress then borrowed the carriage of the inspector, and in a few moments reached the house and swelled the ranks of the unemployed. Then the inspector, in a great rage and a hired carriage with that same unpronounceable name, hurried to the house and joined the minority. Expostulations, explanations, threats were equally futile. Everyone had to remain until a fresh force arrived, and they were removed to the police-station, where they were ultimately set at liberty. Such were two of the amusing stories of Russian officialdom which Mr. Kennan related. After hearing them, I repeated that lovely verse written by one of the Shaksperes of the 'alls—

Good ole Lundun 's good enuf fur me,
Good ole Lundun 's the plaice to 'ave a spree;
Give to them wot likes 'em better Berling or Paree,
But give this child that good ole tarn called Lundun.

Miss May Harvey has suffered rather severely the inevitable penalty of playing a part which to many people has no individuality of its own, but is simply a personal tradition. These playgoers—among them must be included many of the critics—witnessed the first performance of the revival of "Caste" at the Garrick with their heads full of Mrs. Bancroft. Next day one of them actually indicted that lady for the unpardonable offence of having relinquished Polly to another artist. The same spirit of exaggerated disappointment ran through most of the criticisms. It seemed to be taken for granted that Polly was a creation of the highest order, which only an unsurpassable comic genius could portray. The truth is that the lively sister of the amiable and sentimental Esther is a pert, saucy, light-hearted child of the people, whose qualities have been strung to somewhat unreasonable pitch for the sake of dramatic contrast. There is nothing extraordinary in Polly Eccles, nothing beyond the capacity of the clever comedian Miss Harvey has proved herself to be. She plays the part with real humour, if at times with a little too much pressure in the gas-pipe, as Sam Gerridge might say. Moreover, one of the most admirable touches of pathos in the last act—Polly's greeting of the long-lost George—could not be more genuinely affecting than Miss Harvey makes it. In a word, if she were not under the shadow of Mrs. Bancroft's reputation, she would have achieved an unequivocal success. As it is, her performance is highly appreciated by her audiences, even by some of those who think her Mildred in Browning's "Blot on the 'Scutcheon" marked her as an emotional actress of exceptional capacity. Miss Harvey has every reason to take courage.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MISS MAY HARVEY AS POLLY ECCLES IN "CASTE," AT THE GARRICK.

The contents bills of the evening papers are things of great joy and sources of unlimited amusement. The sub-editors who draw them up are obviously staunch partisans of their individual papers. Not very many days, while strolling leisurely down Fleet Street, "my custom always in the afternoon," I noted a number of them. The first that met my eye was in the offices of the *Evening News and Post*, and was mounted in a gorgeous golden frame and surrounded by a wealth of green plush. The announcement was "Shocking Double Murder and Suicide," and was followed by "B. Bee's Finals." Then came two rival gazettes. The first announced in huge type "Stoppage of a London Bank," while the second supplied an antidote in the shape of "A Small City Bank Suspends Payment." The *Sun* had got a special mystery all to itself, and the *Star* relied on Parish Councils and Captain Coe. As I made my way Strandwards I was saluted in fashion somewhat like the following: "'Ere yar, Sur! Shockin' murder! Pyper! Westminster speshail! Bank smash! Pyper! Capt'n Coe's finuls! Pyper!" and finally a raucous-voiced youth, better supplied than his brethren, went one better than the rest with, "'Ere yar, Sur! Extra special, Noose or Star, Globe or James's!" As a matter of fact, there were no special editions or extra specials published, as it was only four o'clock.

"And you're a giddy butterfly, that flutters through the summer." So sang one W. S. Gilbert—always a humourist by profession, and sometimes by practice—in "The Mountebanks." I am reminded of the line by the fact that one of the brightest and most airy of butterflies has found the storms of winter too rough to brave and has ceased to flutter just before the kindly spring might have warmed it into renewed life and vigour. Scarcely needful to say, I refer to that clever little magazine lately conducted by L. Raven-Hill and Arnold Golsworthy. It is a loss to art and a loss to beauty that the decease of the *Butterfly* has brought about, and in a world so dull as this one deploras that loss.

My genial contemporary, the *Globe*, takes a happy rise out of the editor of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, with whom I am on speaking terms—

Can a Shorter Herrick be in preparation? We ask, because in the new number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* there is a drawing of Herrick's mad maid, and beneath it the following extraordinary version of the first stanza of her song—

"Good morrow to the day so fair,
Good morrow, Sir, to you,
Good morrow to my own arm-chair,
Bedabbled with the dew."

Possibly Mr. Shorter has an affection for the third line as a salutation to his seat of office; possibly the compositor was madder than the maid. But in any case Herrick ought to be avenged and somebody's "hair torn."

I am assured the reparation to Herrick is so complete that Mr. Shorter is now wearing a wig, his own locks having been torn out by his frenzied hands and stuffed into the seat of the arm-chair, which, moreover, is bedabbled with the compositor's blood. More than this even the most embittered devotee of accurate quotation cannot demand.

One hears but little now of the celebrated Burma Ruby Mines, the shares in which, on the formation of the company some few years back, commanded for a time a very high premium. The ruby seems to become scarcer and scarcer, and is now the most precious of all jewels. I was shown some wonderfully fine specimens not long ago at a certain world-famous establishment. They were set in large and massive rings for men's wear, and ranged in price from £300 to £600. One seldom sees rubies on a man's hand in England, and I learned on inquiry that the principal purchasers of such ornaments were wealthy Americans. Emeralds fetch long prices, and a beautiful ring was presented by the young Maharajah Dhuleep Singh to a friend, an English nobleman, the other day. It was a little finger-ring, which was rather a mistake, as the emerald is, compared with the diamond, a soft stone, and rather liable to be damaged when worn on a masculine little finger.

The death of Mr. Peter Merrick Hoare, formerly M.P. for Southampton, brings about a change in the ownership of Luscombe House and Luscombe Park, near Dawlish. Even in delightful Devonshire there is scarcely a more beautiful tract of land than Luscombe Park, with its famous avenue of beeches, its populous and talkative colony of squirrels, and its splendid array of fungi of brilliant hue, some scarlet speckled with white, some orange, some brown, grouped in clusters or growing singly. Twenty-five years back the park used also to be graced, if that is the word, with the presence of a herd of buffaloes, and at that time the grounds were open to the public; however, such havoc was wrought among the ferns and shrubs that the privilege was in later days rescinded. The "Combe of Lus"—said to mean Bilberry Valley—is within easy walking distance of Dawlish. The estate was bought by Mr. Charles Hoare at the beginning of the century, and it was by his instructions that Luscombe House was built.

For an "extinct volcano," Signor Crispi seems to have a wonderful lot of vitality left in him, and, notwithstanding that several Italian papers seriously announced his death last week, continues to rise with unabated vigour at six o'clock every morning and attack the appallingly voluminous correspondence which lies on his desk by seven. The Minister's illness, serious as it undoubtedly was, has by no means killed him off, and a stream of callers, petitioners, and applicants of all sorts can daily testify to the vigour and despatch with which he listens, differs, agrees, or what not, as the matter and man in hand enters the official *sanctum sanctorum* of the Braschi Palace, where Crispi is in daily request from noon till the evening Angelus.

The third fancy dress ball of the season at Covent Garden came off on Wednesday. The attendance was larger than usual, which may have accounted for the greater diversity of costume. Among the more noticeable were the following: A Greek Slave, in white silk, with a jewelled zone, armlets, chain, and fillet of gold and precious stones; Cleopatra, in white silk, with a jewelled girdle, and ornamented from the waist to the feet with diamonds and rubies; Pierrette, in white satin dress, trimmed with yellow, with white felt hat, trimmed with laburnum and golden pompons; the body was made to represent a gold basket full of violets, and upon the head was a gold basket filled with violets. "Ice Cream" was a novelty, the wearer carrying ice creams upon her head, her shoulders, and in her hands. "Time" wore a white satin dress, trimmed with flowers of all seasons; the bodice was a sundial, and there were hieroglyphics and a clock upon the bodice, while wings, hand-painted, grew out of her shoulders. A bronze statue concealed a popular comedian.



A SKETCH AT COVENT GARDEN FANCY DRESS BALL.



MISS MINNIE TERRY AS THE SYLPH COQUETTE IN "CINDERELLA," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

*"Nimble are fingers of fairies at work;
They never tire and their task never shirk."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, REGENT STREET, W.

MR. T. E. ELLIS, M.P.

The Member for Merionethshire is the son of a small Welsh tenant-farmer, and is in his thirty-fourth year. He was originally intended—by his parents, of course—for the Calvinistic Methodist ministry; hence it was that, after leaving the public elementary school, he was sent for further training and instruction to the Bala Theological College. Thence he migrated to the Aberystwith University College, where he remained for three or four years. Ultimately, he was sent up to Oxford, where he gained a small exhibition at New College, which is a somewhat exclusive institution. Mr. Ellis, so far as concerned his fellow-countrymen at



MR. T. E. ELLIS, M.P.

Jesus and at the other Oxford colleges, was as exclusive as—well, as one might expect a Nonconformist exhibitioner, thriving on Welsh tithes, to be. Throughout his 'Varsity life he rigidly held aloof from the "Welsh set," principally, it was supposed at the time, on account of his great and overmastering desire to rid himself as speedily as possible of his rich Welsh accent. This desire of his still remains to be gratified. We would note, by-the-way, as a very curious and suggestive fact, that the late leader of the Welsh Nationalists was, while at Oxford, a member, not of the Radical Club—the "Russell"—but of the Whig institution of that nature—the "Palmerston." This is explicable only on the assumption that, though young Ellis at this stage of his very interesting career may have had hopes of becoming a Parliamentary office-bearer, he could not possibly have even dreamed of being ever called upon by frolicsome Fate to don the garments and to voice the stereotyped phrases of a professional Radical. In due course he left Oxford, going out in history and taking a second class.

After acting for a short time as private tutor to the son of a wealthy Englishman living near Cardiff, he came up to London and became private secretary to Mr. Brunner, M.P. He was not long in the Metropolis before the attention of his countrymen was arrested by his vigorous criticisms in the columns of the *South Wales Daily News* and the *Goleuad* (the weekly organ of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists) of the political performances of the Welsh members of Parliament. In process of time his name became coupled with that of the late Mr. Morgan Lloyd, Q.C., as a possible candidate for the representation in the House of Commons of Merionethshire, the native county of both men. How the choice of the electors eventually came to fall on Mr. Ellis is a very pretty little story, but a story, nevertheless, that is not suited for a journal that has no concern whatever with party politics.

In the days when Mr. Ellis took an active and a leading part in Welsh politics his friends and admirers would frequently hail him as the "Deliverer of Israel," and still more frequently as the "Parnell of Wales." In some respects he resembles both the son of Amram and the late leader of the Irish Nationalists. He is "slow of speech and of a slow tongue"; he has "looked upon the burdens of his brethren"; he is very ambitious. Until very recently it was hard to know who it was that Mr. Ellis himself took as his exemplar. Was it John Penry, or Owen Glendower, or Giraldus Cambrensis? The riddle has at last been solved. It seems clear now that he has all along been endeavouring to follow in the footsteps of men of a more modern and a more common type—to wit, Lord Swansea and the Right Hon. Sir George Osborne Morgan. It is difficult to imagine John Penry, or Owen Glendower, or even Giraldus Cambrensis, in any circumstances whatever, voting with one and the same political party in every division throughout a long Parliamentary session; and to picture any one of these three great Welshmen "wearing the livery of the Saxon" (to quote the gibberish of the *Cymru Fydd* folk), when his "brethren" are still bending under the weight of their burdens, is simply an impossibility. But, on the other hand, to picture Lord Swansea or Sir George Osborne Morgan doing this, that, or the other thing, now or hereafter, is quite another matter.

ON AN OSTRICH FARM.

Although incubators are used for the hatching of ostriches on the South African farms, the natural mode has not been entirely superseded. A pair are put in a separate enclosure, where the male bird is forced to become a monogamist, and forsake, compulsorily, the creed of his forefathers. The hen lays about twenty eggs, and the period of incubation lasts six weeks. During this time the male bird is most attentive and solicitous in the care of the eggs, for nest there is practically none, any slightly sheltered sandy depression answering the purpose. It has been remarked that in the wild state eggs are dropped in the vicinity of the nest, supposed to be broken by the old birds for the nourishment of the young before acquiring that omnivorous appetite and remarkable digestion for which it is famous in later life. The instinct still, apparently, prevails, and it becomes necessary to frequently visit the nest to replace the eggs that are not covered, as the birds, although they will move them about to get into a comfortable position, will persist in leaving a few outside. During the breeding season the male bird becomes very fierce, and this time may be known by his legs changing colour to a beautiful red. In approaching the nest it is necessary to be prepared to ward off the attack of the male bird, as he is then dangerous, and does not hesitate to let you know he will have no interference. He is, however, an exemplary partner, taking his share at incubation during the night and on guard by day. In the incident illustrated near Graaf Reinet, Mr. Ostrich, when he spied our party, made off, thinking possibly we might follow, thus allowing us to get a good "sitter" in a most natural pose. Among the sparse and parched vegetation of the Karroo, the hen ostrich, when crouching down, as she does when danger is suspected, is difficult to see, assimilating so nearly in colour to her surroundings.

B. A. L.



ON AN OSTRICH FARM: A SITTER.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

CARMELITA'S LOVERS.

BY AVERY MACALPINE.

A yellow rose fell on the quivering strings of Giuseppe's mandoline, scattering the tinkling melody in a shower of half-notes. Whence the rose came he had not the faintest clue. Showers of roses were unknown in that narrow strip of street called the Gradoni della Madonna.

There were plenty of flowers in Naples in the early spring; they could be had almost for the asking. Even yellow roses were scarcely worth a *cento* a bunch; yet they did not spring from the rough cobble stones of the pavement, or shoot up beside the strings of wilted onions and carrots that framed the dark doorway below.

No, the rose was distinctly an importation; but by whose hands or by whom tossed to the vibrating strings of the mandoline Giuseppe could not tell.

He leaned far out of the casement, seeing no one. His dark, crisp curls seemed all the more dusky with the mid-day sun shining upon his bared head; his skin was dusky, too, but of a quality even and fine like velvet, and its tint *biscuit*. A tiny line of hair like a pencilling marked his upper lip; his eyebrows, too, looked as though drawn by the



Giuseppe seated himself on the window-sill.

same delicate touch in Indian ink, while his eyes glowed under them like smouldering fire. He was tall and straight, and proportioned like the gods. But he was only a *cicerone*, and so his good looks went for very little, except with the more impressionable sex, and they showed their appreciation by petitioning that he should receive twelve francs a day for his services and endless largess of macaroni.

There was not a sign of a living being about; the hour being noon and the heat intense, every mortal who had a shady corner was now lying in it fast asleep.

Giuseppe seated himself on the window-sill and strummed "*Lesti, via, montiam su là*" and gazed about him. Presently the thick lace curtain before the opposite casement was drawn aside the width of two laughing dark eyes; two rows of even white teeth showed between lips as red as the strings of coral about Carmelita's creamy throat. The girl seemed the embodiment of mischief. When she laughed it was as though throat, eyes, lips, and earrings all combined in a sound that rang like this, "*Chia-chia-ia-ia*." She was laughing now as she complacently watched the bewilderment she had excited.

"What a face! Didn't you know that it was I, Carmelita, your neighbour?"

"I might have known," said the man, with a quick frown. He had been teased before. "It is always Carmelita when there's mischief afoot."

"Give me back my rose," she demanded. He fastened it in the band of his soft felt hat. The girl leaned far out trying to snatch it from him. "You must. It is not yours; I only threw it to wake you up. I wanted to know your dream as you leaned against the casement snoring."

"That's your fun. It will be many a day before Giuseppe is caught napping. That's for cats and old women. Must one sleep like one of them, think you, to dream? Dreams come while one wakes, and are the better for that. They are good company when one strides along the Toledo or is kneeling in the Duomo; while one chatters the old stories in the Museo or climbs knee-deep in the ashes of the Old King. They come without bidding in the streets of yonder Dead City, as well as here

in the sunlight, gazing in eyes sweet as the stars in heaven. It is all the same."

"Shall I tell you what I dream, my beauty?" He leaned far out, taking one of the girl's brown hands in his long, well-knit ones; his eyes became soft and languorous, as though some vision grew as he spoke. "I dream of a nest, far away among the lakes, where the scent of vines hangs like a perfume in the soft air, away where silver-leaved olives flicker in sunlight all the day. There I see a tiny garden set in the midst, and a shaded cottage waiting, waiting for its mistress, sweet, like Carmelita, beautiful as she is. Ah! the life there. Half of heaven would be won when she held out her hands and said, 'Take me with thee: I am thine, Giuseppe!' Come, come; why do we dream, my pretty one? I love you; come with me, then. I will give you happiness such as you never even dreamed of on the most golden night of perfect visions."

Laughter was dying in the girl's eyes, though loth to leave her lips; they seemed made to laugh. One couldn't picture Carmelita serious, or old, or weeping. She was like the blossom of a bright-hued cactus hanging unshaded in the sun.

"You are forgetting," with her eyes cast down.

"No, no! I know what you would say. But what is he to you? Not so much as that! Love is all—the only power worth yielding to. What is there to take its place? You do not speak: you will come?"

"No, no," pulling her hand away; "someone is coming. Do you not hear? Quick—let me go!"—laughing softly, with mischief alive in all her dimples. "You did not know? How could you? I am locked in—a prisoner. It is to keep me safe from all temptation while Luigi is away at work. It is my grandmother's idea of fidelity. She thinks there is but one way." She made the motion of turning a key.

"Infamous!" hissed the man.

"Safe!" laughed the girl.

"Will you come out on the quay to-night when the moon rises?"

"Not for worlds! There's Luigi."

"Curse him! What right has he to keep you like a criminal?"

"He knows nothing about it."

"Befool him, then, and come. We will match him and the old cat, too."

"You are forgetting," she said again.

"No; I am not. He can claim no right yet; you are not betrothed; you are free until then."

"Ah! but who shall say it is not the same? We have been promised, as all the world knows"—the world of the Gradoni della Madonna—"since we were babies on our mothers' breasts."

"The more reason to break away and come to the heart that chooses you. Who wants to be born betrothed? Who would take a husband like an inheritance of coral beads or a silver hairpin?"

"Let me go," she said again. "The grandmother is coming. Would you get me a beating like any other prisoner?"

"Come to-morrow at noon to the quay, opposite the Immacolatella."

"Perhaps: I will see—only be still."

She pulled the curtain across the casement and sat down demurely behind it, knitting peacefully.

"Are you never coming?" the grandmother Mimi called sharply. "It is time to make the coffee. Luigi will be here in another minute. Wake up, you sleepy cat!"

Carmelita rubbed her eyes. Yes, she must have dropped asleep in the quiet for one moment. It was so dull up there alone—and yes, she would come down to Luigi; she didn't stay alone from choice. She would like someone to speak to as well as the grandmother; she was coming.

That night Luigi smoked many short pipes of over-strong tobacco, sitting beside Carmelita on the steps of the Madonna's Chapel. It crowned the narrow strip of pavement that mounted from the main thoroughfare below in a series of long, flat steps. The place was so familiar to them both that they had never considered it at all. It was the usual gathering-spot for the neighbourhood. There women of overflowing proportions nursed their offspring, while they retailed in decorated hyperbole the doings of the day. Maidens added a ribbon or a bead, and came to meet their lovers in the softened glow of the summer night. Men, when they were not employed in drawing something or other (there was always a tombola somewhere), and chattering endlessly over the grinding wheels of a Nemesis they deplored, usually clamoured under the outstretched hand of the very Lady of all Peace. Children, whose nakedness was accentuated rather than concealed by the sparse rags hung upon them, tumbled in shrieking confusion up and down, down and up, the wide, smooth stairs of the holy place. Beggars, rejoicing in their wretchedness and exhibiting loathsome deformities with the same pride we show in all matters of achievement, made capital and divided dividends in this mart of God's scorned.

It was all familiar and commonplace. Carmelita had never really comprehended the scene. To-night, however, her eyes seemed opened and her brain alive as never before, and she loathed its lightsome squalidity. Luigi was full of his favourite subject. He could never talk enough of the work at Sant' Angelo. The last mosaic was finished for the dome, and only required the final careful fitting of glittering stones against the background of gold to render the whole complete. Luigi was considered one of the first hands now in the factory, and was

entrusted with shading and contrasting almost as though he were an artist himself. He was proud of his position and envied no one.

His tongue—a slow one as a usual thing, for his thoughts came slowly—was to-night unloosened. There were not words enough to picture to Carmelita the glorious tints of cherubs' wings, the luminous glory of the saint's robe, the gold of the aureole, or the purple of his throne. The beauty of the creation was in his soul, and pressed, eloquently almost, to his lips. He shared every heart-throb with this girl beside him, and how could he withhold one detail of his day's delight?

Carmelita scarcely listened, and when at last he took her hand in his, as he had every evening for as long as they could remember, she jerked it away, folding her arms in and out, so that he saw only the tips of her velvety fingers.

"Yes, yes, I know: the same old story. One could wish that the whole ceiling might be whitewashed, to rest one's eyes. Everywhere,



Carmelita was experiencing a fine disgust to-night.

everywhere, the same eternal colours—blue, red, purple, green; everywhere the saints shining on gold backgrounds, until one pities them in their eternal glitter."

The man's dark eyes grew dusky as he regarded her, but he only stuffed the tobacco down again in the pipe's bowl with a supple thumb and smiled indulgently.

Carmelita, who was experiencing a fine disgust to-night, flipped her fingers significantly in the direction of the narrow way lying at their feet.

"And the noise and the quarrelling and the endless tongues of old women! It is like the clamouring at the Last Day, only one is always in the pit, and never escapes to peace at last. I hate it! I hate it!" And she stamped her little foot until her earrings jingled.

The man regarded her wonderingly. "What has come over you, Carmelita, my love? Has the grandmother Mimi been teasing you again?"

The girl would not answer. She half understood the reason of her discontent, but had no wish to share the knowledge with Luigi, of all persons.

"Oh! it is hot, and close, and dull. There is thunder about. I shouldn't wonder if there was a storm coming up. Look at Vesuvius! I shall go home," she said.

"Come with me into the chapel a moment. I want to tell you close to Our Lady how I love you—how I think of you day and night, wishing, always wishing, for the day when you will be mine—my very own. Ah! Carmelita, it has been long to wait; but soon it will happen that we shall go in out of the sunshine, where the priest will be waiting, and when we come again into the blessed day I will be your husband and you will be all my own."

Her eyes softened for a moment, but she took his arm from about her waist and shook herself free.

"It will be time enough then, by all the saints! You will have all the rest of your life in which to tell me that you love me. Don't let us begin now. I am going home," she said again.

"Ah! well, I shall go in and say my prayers. Will you come to-morrow?" he asked suddenly, taking her hand in his. "Will you

come to Sant' Angelo for a minute at the siesta? I will show you a miracle. Only some tiny stones laid side by side, one delicate shade folded close upon another, until the great dome is a glimpse of heaven." She moved her shoulder impatiently. "It is not that alone, Carmelita, but when the last little cube is fitted and the last fine polish shines over all I shall come down from the scaffolding ready to say, 'I will now make our home, Carmelita. Henceforth I will care for you all the rest of our days.' Then there will be the priest's blessing, and you will be mine!" She rocked herself up and down on her high-heeled shoes, but still made no answer.

"Will you kiss me, dear?"

She held up her cheek without looking at him, pouting out her lips like a naughty child, and then hurried down the steep pavement, her heels clicking against the stones as she ran. Luigi, listening, could distinguish the sound distinct from any other in the medley of noises. He watched her until her yellow skirt with its broad stripes of red was lost in the dusk, and then, crossing himself, entered the porch.

Carmelita loved Luigi. She assured herself of this all the next morning. Yes, she loved him, of course! Was she not going to marry him as soon as he was advanced at the factory and could furnish a home for her? One couldn't help loving Luigi, she continued; there was something about him so trusting and so good. When his big dull eyes looked into one's own it was so difficult to tell a lie—it was like befooling a baby. No fun could be found in it, since the innocents never discovered they were tricked. And then Luigi had always loved her; he had ever since they were wee children, clutching at one another's long strings of macaroni, or breaking their drinking gourds upon the stones with shrieks of delight. Luigi had a gentler nature than hers, though braver. Many a time had he taken her small sins on his own shoulders, and borne their chastisement without word or look of reproach.

Yes, he was unselfish. She would not be afraid to go away with him alone when the time came. But, oh! the weary monotony of it all. She could see her future spread out before her as she sat with half-closed eyes knitting by the casement. A day of *festa*, her white veil the envy of all the young girls in the street; a walk, or, possibly, a cab taken all the way to Posilipo; a grand feast, with plenty of oily wine from the little wicker-covered bottles; a dance, perhaps—who knows—and the grandmother Mimi chattering like a magpie from morning until night. And then the narrow street and the two rooms, the hot, unchanged air, day and night always the same; then the children, and the shrill voices, and Luigi. Always Luigi and the saints. Ah! she felt that morning as though she must fly somewhere and escape the familiar picture.

Another grew alluring by reason of contrast. A new world, a new people, a new life, and yet all her own, even as this was hers. Wide, open spaces, stretching to shadowy hills, the air sweet and pure, laden only with the scent of purpling vines; far-distant peaks with their crowns of snow, and breezes cool, like ice, tempering the hottest noonday; a tiny house, a garden with glowing flowers and ripening fruit, and Giuseppe. Yes, Giuseppe—he was not so bad. One could never tell till one tried. He was certainly handsomer than Luigi, and made one's heart beat so—she believed she would remember the rendezvous, after all. She would now run quickly, before she had time to think again of Luigi.

Down the stairs she flew, nearly stumbling over old Mimi, sorting stale vegetables in the dark.

"What's that, you girl? Didn't I tell you to stay in the room above and mind your business until Luigi came at noon?"

"He isn't coming to-day," she explained. "I promised I would carry his breakfast to Sant' Angelo. He is wanting me to see the last stone fitted in the great mosaic. He began to work upon it as an apprentice, and will finish as a foreman, they say."

"Yes, yes; he is a good lad and industrious—too good for you, as I often tell him, lazy good-for-nothing!"

Carmelita smiled. She was accustomed to the grandmother's tongue, and didn't mind a new epithet now and then.

"Why don't you give me, then, to someone you wish to torment?" she asked mockingly. "I agree I am not good enough for Luigi."

"Get along, you fool! Don't keep the lad waiting. He, at least, works and is worth his keep. No words at the street-corners, you chattering monkey! No gossip at the fountain! I'll hear of it; you can't deceive old Mimi. I know every silly thing you do or say. Get along!"

"Do you?" thought Carmelita. "How about the yellow rose and the mandoline?" But she picked up her straw basket, and only flung back one rippling "*Chia-ia-ia*" into the dark as she flew out and down the steep Gradoni.

Passing some children playing with straws before a doorway, she paused, with a look of mischief and defiance in her sparkling eyes.

"Put them behind you while I choose," she said.

One of the brown boys, with eyes like the cherubs in the Sistine Madonna, obeyed her quickly. Even the babies here are well alive to the fascination of chance.

"Right or left?" demanded Raffaello.



Old Mimi.

"Right." The short one for Luigi, she thought.

The boy showed his hand, with a long, unbroken straw in it.

"Pooh! that's only fun." But her eyes were for a moment overclouded.

She ran on until she came opposite a door that showed only by a dirty outline in a blank wall. She stood before it, with her heart beating fast—should she try again?

She pushed it gently, and, finding no resistance, entered a dark, smoke-begrimed room, where some men, dark, earringed, and dirty, lounged in careless attitudes, smoking, drinking, and throwing dice from morning until night, and until day came again, for anything known to the contrary.

"Here, quick, Francesco!" the girl exclaimed, recognising one of the men. "Give me the dice! I want to make a throw for luck."

"What! Evens for Luigi—odds?" the man laughed coarsely, impudently regarding the girl's panting bosom under its white chemisette.

"Yes; evens for Luigi," she was saying to herself, rolling the dice violently with her hand over the mouth of the cup. At last she threw

them, but with such force that one of the cubes rolled upon the floor. She covered her eyes quickly with her hands, lest she should too soon know her fate.

"It's fair on or off the board," said the man with gold earrings in his ears and a wisp of red handkerchief knotted about his throat.

"Yes, it's fair," she repeated. "Let me see, six, and—" (peering over the edge of the table) "Ah! six, Luigi," she whispered softly, and then she burst out into ringing laughter. "It's all fool's luck! You don't suppose I believe in your dice, do you? Odd or even, don't you suppose I know what I want?"

"You'd bring your price as a curio if you did," said Francesco.

"All the same, I do,

and good day to you," said the girl, picking up her basket of plaited straw and disappearing.

It was, apparently, not an empty boast. She had scarcely banged the little flat door in the wall behind her before she set out at a run in and out of the narrow streets, not one of which led in the direction of Sant' Angelo. Nor did she so much as give the rendezvous there another thought. She was flying towards the Immacolatella in spite of the dice, or rather because of the dice. Since Fate had decreed that Luigi's she was to be, what harm was there in another look at the other? She would tell Giuseppe she never could love anyone but the man she was born to marry. She would soon be only a wife and could think of him no more. But, oh, the thought of it! Neapolitan for ever! until her nose and chin met like the grandmother Mimi's and her skin was the colour of faded leaves and as tough as parchment. She shook her blue umbrella over her head in wild impatience. Yes, there on the steps he waited. How handsome he was, his eyes shining in the sunlight and his dark hair waving low on his brow like that of the Antinous! How straight and lithe he was! Even in his conventional dress (the cast-off travelling suit of one of his patrons) one realised the perfect proportion of limb and frame. A yellow-and-blue scarf was carelessly tied beneath his loose collar, and through the buttonhole of his coat was pulled a yellow rose.

"That isn't mine," was the girl's greeting.

"No; not since you gave it to me."

"You are laughing; it is not the same."

"Oh, I swear it is the one you tossed to me. Could I be parted from it, the only rose in the world?"

"Let me see."

"No, no; you might believe me, poor Giuseppe." She stretched out her hand and pulled the flower from his coat.

"There, you are lying, like all the rest. There is nobody true but—" She checked herself. "This rose never had a mate on its stem. The other? Luigi gave it to me, keeping its companion; he would share all he has with me."

"Curse him!"

"You need not use harsh words; he has never harmed you."

"He has—he has; you love him, Carmelita, and it maddens me."

He leaned towards her, looking with dark, impassioned eyes into her troubled ones. He saw the light waver in them as the surface of deep water is stirred by a breath, and he persisted.

"What does he offer you but decent devotion? Like a stupid ox is he, with his dull big eyes, and his plod, plod, from one day to the next. It is like the mating of a bird to an elephant. Why do you hesitate? Have I not as much love for you as he has, and can I not make you as happy? Do you fear him? We can go away. There are other lands than this, far beyond the blue sea—countries where men pick and choose what they will do, and for the asking live like princes. Come with me," he urged; "we will live together like two turtle doves, cooing in a nest—it will be love, love." His arms were about her, and he was whispering the words close to her ear. She scarcely resisted, and yet she dared not yield. The allurements of the picture and the man's insistence held her spellbound. His arms grew closer, and she could feel his breath hot upon her cheek, yet she answered nothing. They seemed the centre of some drowsy world where for the moment rotation itself stood still.

No sound reached them save the occasional creaking of cordage from some ship lazily making ready for sea, or the mechanical drone of sailors chanting at their labour. The noonday hush lay over all the city, for even the babbling Neapolitan ceases his meaningless chatter for these few moments while he sleeps the hour away. Rows of them were lying in ragged heaps upon the quay, but no one took the trouble to turn his head to regard Giuseppe and the girl. Far away, somewhere, a bell chimed the half-hour, and reminded Carmelita of her basket lying in the sun. Poor Luigi, she must hasten. Already he had been too long kept waiting for his noonday meal. She could see him lying in the shade of the white-arched cloister, listening for her footfall. She threw her arms out to free herself, but the man caught both her hands in his.

"Do you see that ship lying at anchor in the distance? They are setting the sails one by one. With the first breeze she will gently lift her wings like a gull, and dip and soar out beyond our sight, beyond the stretch of our own blue sea, out into the green waters of a greater one, on and on to the shores of the new world, the free world, where our home will be, little one, if you will but listen. I know the captain—he is my friend, and will welcome us. We can get away to-night without fear, if you will but say you love me and that you will come."

"Could you go back?" he questioned. "Would you give up so much, all this I offer you, my life and love, and put up with *that*?"

He snapped his fingers contemptuously over his shoulder, as though all Naples were but a dung-heap.

"No, no, no; I cannot listen to you. Let me go! I *must* go. You hurt my wrists; I will cry out loud if you don't loosen them. I came for



"Good day to you."



He watched her.

a little fun, for diversion, and you are like the priests in the pulpit, with your solemn face and your shining eyes. I would not trust myself with you, not for all the world; no, no, no! Let me go!"

"Ah! Carmelita, I love you so."

"Chia-ia-ia, and I love—Luigi."

He flung her hands from him as though they were red-hot. His eyes

looked murderous. He muttered a word bad to hear, and, stamping his foot in hot rage, bade her begone.

She picked up her basket and hung it on her arm, looking at him out of the corners of her dark eyes. "I wish," she thought, "Luigi was grand and tall, with flashing eyes and lips that curl like a statue's. But, ah! those long fingers. They look as though they longed to strangle poor Carmelita's little breath."

"Will you come back?" he asked desperately, his eyebrows meeting in an angry frown.

"Yes, yes," and she laughed again—anything for peace.

"Will you come back to-night, after that lump of lead—"

She waved her hand gaily, but was out of reach of his voice.

He watched her, a flash of flickering red-and-yellow, disappearing beyond the glaring white quay, and then, with a curse hurled in that direction, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and looked about for a shady spot in which to indulge in the customary siesta.

One o'clock had struck, and the half-hour chimed before Carmelita had climbed the steep streets that led to the Piazza of Sant' Angelo. Some of the workmen had already resumed their places, and were indolently at work on the building. Years of restoration and decoration were approaching the end. As everyone knew who cared, the grand dome would be finished to-day.

Luigi, the apt pupil of Signor Stradi, was the only workman required on the topmost scaffolding. Already he was mounting the ladders from tier to tier of the temporary staging, and presently stood above on a swinging plank that looked little larger than a sling in a man's hand, seen from the pavement of the nave.

Carmelita was scarcely able to recognise his square shoulders and massive head as he stood foreshortened against the canopy, familiar though they were. She shaded her eyes with her hand, looking upwards, her head thrown well back.

"He has gone up to finish," explained one of the men, who was standing idly about, regarding the girl and answering her unspoken words. "It's a grand day for Luigi; he gets his promotion when the last stone is fitted. No one would grudge it to him. He is a faithful comrade and generous friend, ever ready to help a comrade. There! there! do you see? When his hand reaches that corner of purple against the gold he will have finished—he told us where to watch. And now—see! see! he will be a master in two more seconds."

The men broke out in cheers, regardless of the place. "That's right, Luigi, brave boy! good comrade! Here is your sweetheart, too; and no one deserves a prettier one. Come down, come down! We wish you joy—and Carmelita, too."

All were talking at once, everyone in motion, everybody vociferating with hands, voice, and eyes, as though the safety of the kingdom had just been assured. The sound mounted to Luigi, lost in contemplation of the completed work. He could scarcely realise that the mosaic was finished; it meant so much to him. His thoughts had travelled beyond the glowing dome and the confused buzz of his comrades' cheers. But suddenly Carmelita's voice, high and sweet, rose above the clamour. She was laughing. He dropped his tools, turning quickly, so quickly that he scarcely had time to catch a glimpse of the yellow-and-red speck on the floor below, scarcely time to hear the ringing voice of this girl he loved better than life, scarcely time to answer, "Ah! Carmelita, my love, I am coming!" before his foot slipped: his heavy weight was on the wrong side of the narrow foothold, and he fell down through miles of rushing air, through centuries of time, through bottomless space into outer darkness.

The girl, uttering one wild shriek, had witnessed the miss-step, and, a lifetime of anguish in the second, had tried with her frail arms to break her lover's fall. He crashed through them as though they had been straws in his way and lay dead at her feet—a broken, bruised mass, from which even the stoutest might shrink.

"Luigi! Luigi!" she called, "for the love of Christ, speak! I loved you—I *did* love you! It was all fun, fun—I meant nothing! I will be your wife, your loving wife. God and the angels bear me witness, I meant no harm. It was because I was dull all the day long, locked in like a criminal. I never intended to go back to him—never, never! Speak, that I may be yours. I meant no harm. Luigi! Luigi! I am yours, yours, and I love you with all my soul!"

Her face was lying against his and her arms were around him, but no sound came from the lips she pressed. Was the sense of contact dead, too? Heaven knows. A smile grew upon the silent lips, until they seemed to answer in benediction the heart-accusing cry.

AND STILL THEY COME.

(TO THE MINOR POETS.)

A grey goosequill is a nag at will,

And foolscap white a plain,

A cult complete is stirrup to the feet,

And rhyme is a jingling rein.

One shaft of wit is a lance most fit,

Conceit is a "splendid spur,"

And a good thick hide sure shield for the side,

Lest the critic prove a cur.

Are ye not well 'quipt? Let your hacks be whipt,

The windmill whirls before!—

The mill is but one (hey! frolic and fun!),

And the Dons are—score on score.

W. A. M.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The last title for Dr. Conan Doyle's new book—a book, by-the-way, if published as it was originally printed, which would somewhat astonish people—is "The Stark Monro Letters."

Mr. David Christie Murray is engaged on a series of detective stories for the *Woman at Home*.

A new book by Miss Adeline Sergeant will be published immediately by Mr. Heinemann.

It is a curious sign of the times that "Dodo," "The Heavenly Twins," and "Ships That Pass in the Night" appear still to be the most popular publications of the day.

I have been reading Mr. William Sharp's "Vistas," published in the very pretty Regent's Library, issued by Mr. Frank Murray, of Derby. They are stories or life-scenes told in dialogues, and so attractive-looking that one cannot but sit down to them in a welcoming mood. What is wrong with them? Shakspeare had no greater passions to play with than Mr. Sharp in the "Vistas." There is in them the material for tragedies which should be tremendously impressive. Then they are so well written, from the point of view of the vocabulary and the grouping of words, that you feel it presumptuous to find fault. But there is something essential so lacking in them that they had much better not have been written at all.

What is lacking is difficult to define; but perhaps the reason of one's dissatisfaction lies in this: when any great artist or poet is at a white heat of inspiration his critical faculties do not seem to be working; but, nevertheless, near by there sits a little demon, meddling not at all with the inspiration, however wild, but ready to pounce down and destroy as soon as the inspiration sounds a wrong note untrue to the real harmony of life. Call the little demon criticism, or humour, or sincerity, what you will, he always invisibly watches the labouring of a great work of art, and the little demon was not there when these "Vistas" were brought forth, full of passion and poetry as at first sight they may appear.

The list of books wanted in the *American Publishers' Weekly* is very different from those which appear in this country. As a rule, the books asked for seem to be obscure American works that have dropped out of print. "Top-shelf" volumes are not often named, but this may be due to editorial care. The mystics come in, and Jacob Böhme is generally in demand. "Book Prices Current" is a favourite there as here. Poe's works are pretty often mentioned, and first editions of Longfellow seem to be in request. One collector is apparently forming a complete set of first editions of Mark Twain.

Mr. Maarten Maartens has left Koopstadt and its stolid cocoa-making citizens, and given us in "The Greater Glory" (Bentley) a novel of high life. It is with the nobles, the old ones and the parvenus, that he bids us mostly keep company, plunging us, however, towards the end into the Socialist circles of Amsterdam. In many respects it is the most finished piece of work he has done, and if it has not the unity of "God's Fool," there is a robuster ring about it.

The hero, Reinout van Rexelaer, is the son of a Court functionary at the Hague, a scheming, fawning worldling, who represents the younger branch of a historic house with an honourable name. His aim—a burning one, for all his weak nature—is to surpass in influence, as he does in wealth, the decayed elder branch, and he succeeds by means which grow more and more unscrupulous. Reinout he brings up to be a worldling, too, giving him an education that would have best fitted him to be a courtier of the great Louis. But the boy, obstinately incorruptible, extracts the good from his upbringing, and honour and courtesy are realities to him. When he is no longer a child, his father, of set purpose, lets him see the seamy side of life, so that he may have no illusions. What would now have sent most young fellows to the dogs works Reinout's salvation. He hates what he sees, and gropes for something better, till poetry comes within his ken—the poetry of Victor Hugo—and it opens to him his own life.

The steps thence to his siding with the lowly and oppressed, living in their midst during his mysterious disappearances from the Hague, and becoming the popular exponent of the "Cry of the People," are all inevitable. He has already chosen his part in life with the idealists—"the greater glory"—before the discovery is made that he is by rights only one of the people, after all, and that his father's position has been gained by scandalous means. The story of Reinout's new birth and new life is told with such sincerity and sympathy as to hold the reader's interest from first to last.

The other characters are all drawn with care and precision. Not one of them is conventional. Indeed, their differences are, perhaps, over-exaggerated; but some of them—the Baron, for instance, and Father Bulbius, and Madame Morel—will live in readers' memories. Mr. Maartens laughs a good deal at some of his people, and the absurd ones are amusing; but it is the fine and beautiful natures he makes most real. Dutch society, in its present unrest—for they are unrestful in Holland as elsewhere—its intrigues, its gossip, its ambitions, its desperate efforts after money-making and place, and its idealism, too, is painted with vividness in "The Greater Glory." But the story makes appeal to English readers, and there is nothing too local in it to cause this appeal to miss its aim.

O. O.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE SIEUR DE MARSAC.*

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman is one of the prophets of the new *romantiques*, and one of the most powerful of them. To his strong work and that of Dr. Conan Doyle the purely picturesque and historical novel owes much of that new vitality which is characteristic of it at the moment. We have come, indeed—temporarily, one may venture to hint—into that literary state when the best of successful fiction divides itself into the flesh of deep social problem or the bone of the reanimated dead. It is to the latter that this faithful son of the greatest of all the French *romantiques* betakes himself; but he digs in a mausoleum where lie the relics of much that is most glowing and most dramatic in the history of France. The Holy League, the “Mignons,” Catherine de Medici, Henry of Guise, Jacques Clément, the extinction of the Valois—how the very names conjure up fields of valour and the fall of cities, the pictures of strong kings and of weak, of cardinals and monks, of priests and courtiers, of a pageant wherein armies move and assassins lurk and the cunning of diplomacy plays for kingdoms, and the rise and fall of new religions and of old. Even to turn over the pages of the dullest history, and to toy with the matter-of-fact conclusions of a nothing-but-fact historian, is to feel the pulse of the imagination stimulated, the mind warmed to the wonders of colour and of action which exude from every line of the recital. How much more potent, then, when a skilled hand grapples with the spectres, and, rehabilitating with flesh and blood the bones that crumble, gives speech and thought and movement to the scenes that have been, and creates for us scenes that are.

The story of “A Gentleman of France” must be read if all its old-time odour is to be absorbed, but a mere narration of its scope and plan is sufficient to awaken the curiosity of those who are seeking the *renaissance* of the historical novel and believe that it is at hand. The *Sieur de Marsac* is at the beginning a swordsman of ill fortune, who has been sent penniless to St. Jean d’Angely after the death of his patron, the Prince de Condé, in the year 1588. There he hopes to get something from the King of Navarre, but is made the sport of fools at Court, and feels shame of his old coat and his comparative age in that scene of showy luxury and tawdry indolence. Mocked in the ante-chamber of Henry, informed there that the Court is as poor as himself, made the subject of insult and ridicule by the fops that hedge a monarch, he returns to his lodging to despair of all employment and to quit the town. But he is visited at night by the King and M. de Mornay, and is offered an adventure which appeals to every instinct that is best in him, and which he accepts. He is bidden to leave St. Jean d’Angely, and proceed to Chizé, there to visit the house of the Vicomte de Turenne, and to carry a young lady, Mdlle. de la Vire, to Blois, but for what purpose, or in whose immediate interest, he does not learn. The hazard of the emprise is best understood in the history of the epoch as it affected the King of Navarre and the League. The Prince de Condé had been assassinated by Henry III., but the League was everywhere in arms north of the Loire; the Duc de Guise was with the last of the Valois, inciting him against the temporary peace; the Huguenots were in an extremity of panic; the absolute triumph of the Catholics seemed imminent. The Vicomte de Turenne, whose ward the *Sieur de Marsac* was thus to carry off, was a foe strong even among the strong of the League, the implacable enemy of Henry of Navarre, in some part the hope of the Catholics. To dare his very den, then, and to abduct thence his ward, with no other force than five troopers and the half of a gold carolus, was an adventure which only a fanatic might court. Yet, upon such a mission the old soldier went at the first asking, fired with all Henry’s enthusiasm “to strike a blow or two without care what came of it, to take the road with

a good horse and a good sword, and see what fortune would send”; and from his setting out at the gate of the town to his triumph in Paris in the autumn of the year 1589 we follow him with unrelenting interest, nay, almost with insupportable anxiety and excitement.

This, indeed, is the singular merit of this work, that, though its local colour is often insufficient, its story rambling and loose and its amatory interest of the slightest, it must be read from the first page to the last. The moment the *Sieur de Marsac* has left the King of Navarre, and with five ruffianly companions (at the head of them a melodramatic villain of the name of Fresnoy) has taken the road to Chizé, we are plunged headlong into adventure, and so well immersed that we come out eyesore and weary, yet loud in our praises of the process and of its author. The five “murderers” who enter with our adventurer rob and desert him at

the outset, as a matter of course; he loses the half of the gold carolus by which Mademoiselle was to be won over to his undertaking; he arrives at the dreaded Turenne’s château to persuade my lady with the utmost difficulty, and to get her away with her maid only after hairbreadth escape and rattling combat. She, a wayward, proud, imperious, and, it must be confessed, rather crudely drawn creature, distrusts him from the first; he has to march through the heart of his enemy’s country, and, while he reaches Blois after many stimulating troubles, the Baron de Rosny, to whom he was to deliver his charge, has left three days before his arrival, and his beautiful but impatient burden is on his hands. The situation is in all things masterly. *Marsac* is in the same city with Henry III. and the Catholic forces. Turenne may discover him at any moment; he cannot persuade Mdlle. de la Vire to accompany him in search of the Baron. In the end he loses her, and begins a weary search in the city. It is in these pages that all Mr. Stanley Weyman’s fine appreciation of the limelight and the stage-cloths of the Dumasesque romance comes out. He has the keenest eye possible for a gabled house or a winding stair which is flooded by moonlight; he shifts with the hand of a master the women who are masked and the men who draw. All that is picturesque in the history of Blois is summoned to his aid: the dominating ramparts of the castle, the agitation of the King, the terror that followed the assassination of the Duc de Guise, the staking of life and fortune at the Court, the perils of the narrow streets and of the Catholic fanatics. Driven on this



Photo by London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

hand and on that, nearly assassinated by a monk who seeks to use him in the service of the League, moved as a pawn by those who have no more thought for his life than for his fortunes, distracted by his passion for the woman to whom he owes his peril, we follow the *Sieur* with unabated interest when he escapes from Blois after many tribulations, and comes to the house of the Baron to find Mademoiselle again and to end the first hazard he has courted. But for him there is no rest, not so much as a chapter of it. No sooner is he with the Baron than he learns the object of his journey, and that Mdlle. de la Vire has information which once imparted to Henry III. will sever him from Turenne and cement the alliance with Henry of Navarre. The girl is taken for this purpose to Blois again, is there kidnapped, and her abductor hotly pursued by the *Sieur de Marsac*, who faces perils without end—the dangers of the way, the dangers of the diplomatists, and lastly, but more powerful than all, the dangers of the plague then ravaging France so relentlessly that the Angel of Death seemed beating his wings in every city. How these things ended happily, how the assassination of Henry III. and the coming to supreme power of the King of Navarre laid the foundations of the old swordsman’s fortune and made him Lieutenant-Governor of the Armagnac must be left to the author to tell. It is sufficient to say that this narration will charm every reader, will engross to its ultimate page, and will convince those who think as they go that the star of romance has risen once more on the literary horizon, and promises to ascend to the zenith in a brilliant future.

H. P.

* “A Gentleman of France.” (Being the Memoirs of Gaston de Bonne, *Sieur de Marsac*.) By Stanley J. Weyman. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The most remarkable fact of the present moment in the world of amusements is the sudden and universal prevalence of the *tableau vivant* and its near relative the spectacular "sketch" or song. The Palace begins, the Empire follows suit; then come the smaller fry like a flock of sheep. Nelson, Wellington, and others of the few English heroes whom Englishmen know anything about appear to sing patriotic songs with a striking stage picture behind them. It is a pleasing, if not very subtle, phase of public taste. Only here, as in theatrical entertainments, the unreasoning and blind imitation of a successful item leads to speedy exhaustion of interest and the killing of the goose that lays the golden eggs. *Tableaux vivants* are not likely to last long; the artistic interest in these is probably inferior to the curiosity felt as to how far the costume of the performers may be permitted to reproduce that of the more or less mythological pictures from which their attitudes are studied.

This question remains—given the situation, how is one to get out of it? And that is what has wrecked the whole of many excellent pieces, and the fourth acts of many more. You work up to your climax and curtain of the third act, and then the villain is slain or the hero saved from suicide, or something of the nature of a big "curtain" comes, and then an act of shreds and patches, explanations, and pairing off and general weariness. And yet, if the surprise is reserved for the finish, how are you to clear up everything with people looking for their wraps, and becoming uneasily conscious of that last train, or the last but one, to some unknown suburb in the remote polar regions of North London?

Ah, those northern suburbs! How terrible is the journey thence to the luxurious West End, the home of theatrical enterprise! South London has its handy Waterloo, its yet more handy Charing Cross, and arrives eventually in the midst of its amusements. North London can go to the City with ease, but no nearer than King's Cross can it approach to the fairyland of the stage. Then comes the long agony of crowded omnibus or the extravagance of a hansom, and nowadays men count their shillings, and have to study cheapness of travel. When shall we have the railway from King's Cross to Charing Cross? Not till then will London be a theatre-going city, as far as one-half—and far the larger half—of her suburbs is concerned.

Meanwhile, even the business part of the community is not over well served. The suburban railways terminating at Moorgate Station are choked with passenger and goods traffic at once, and that, too, of four railway companies, and Moorgate Street Station itself is not the most inviting of goals. Never more in appearance than a dirty and discreditable shanty, it is now open to all winds and waters of heaven, void even of glass in the roof, and apparently nodding to its fall. Is it too much to ask that at some day there may be something permanent erected? Or are those responsible for the building waiting for a fire to wipe out the structure without the labour of removing it?

I remember, some years ago, there was a fascinating plan devised for erecting in a few acres or so of land about Tottenham Court Road a central station, with connections to all the railways—a sort of centre of the spider's web that a railway map of England always resembles. It is a magnificent idea, but I fear will remain such. Truly, it would be admirable to come into the enormous building, perhaps without having settled where one would go for one's holiday, with the choice of the Highlands, Penzance, Brighton, Paris, anywhere and everywhere. It would beat Waterloo for complexity. By the South-Western one knows that one will be borne, on the whole, in a south-westerly direction, if one knows no more. But in the new central station who shall say whither one is vending?

One admirable opportunity the new central connection would give: it would make London a station of call as well as a terminus. Through journeys, that can only be made now by a vast expenditure of time and money on private saloon carriages, would then be easy and usual. We should have a through train from Aberdeen to Brighton, another from Yarmouth to Penzance, another from Holyhead to Dover. Think of the economy in sidings that would result from this interchange of traffic!

It is, indeed, possible, now that broad gauge is a thing of the past, to shunt a train from any one line to any other line, but it is not always expeditious. I remember once investigating the route between Blackfriars Station on the District Railway and Ludgate Hill on the Chatham and Dover. I think the quickest way was *viâ* New Cross (South-Eastern) and the Thames Tunnel; but there *was* also a route *viâ* Acton and Kentish Town.

MARMITON.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*Land and
Water Rats.*

It is strange that even in these days, with the school-master so much abroad, such a simple question as this seems still a very doubtful one in many minds, if one may judge from the letters which appear in the country papers. We have but one rat in England. Originally we had a black rat, now called the Norwegian rat. But, it is said, with the Georges from Hanover, and certainly about that time, and from Germany, came in the ships a stronger form—namely, the brown rat. So quickly did this interloper impress itself upon the old stock, or in some other way supplant it, that now it alone holds the field. This rat is omnivorous. During the winter it lives in the barns and stacks, but in summer it takes to the banks and hedgerows, and is exceedingly fond of the water; but it is not a water rat. The so-called "water rat" is no true rat: it is a vole, allied by structure with the short-tailed field-mouse and the common bank vole. It is a strict vegetarian, feeding on aquatic plants, on the white, succulent ends of the reeds and sedges, for example. Occasionally only it departs from this régime. This is in the spring, when the frogs and toads are spawning; then it kills the frogs for the sake of the spawn. So it is, on the whole, a harmless, as it is a most interesting, little creature. If it would only refrain from drilling holes in the canal banks and the dams of mill-ponds, it would be entitled to full respect. This is its one failing, but the millers say it is a bad one.

*Performing
Animals.*

I have lately spent a good deal of time in visiting various troupes of performing animals. The subject interests me very much—I have always been a bit of an animal trainer myself; and as long as I can feel that tricks are the result of cultivated sagacity, that the element of cruelty is kept out—the whip, in short, abolished—so long am I quite happy in watching. But, alas! I am sorry to say that the result of my observations goes to show that a large proportion—perhaps the majority—of the animal "trainers" are, from my point of view, a fraud. There are notable exceptions—the dog-trainers, for example. They deal with an animal of quick intelligence, and one from whom you get the best results most quickly by kindness. Even here the whip has a legitimate province—namely, as a final appeal in cases of deliberate disobedience. And it is self-evident from the pleasure the dogs take in their work that this function of the whip is not abused. But what of the cats, for example, which I saw at "Noah's Ark"? To the audience, placed in front, it may seem a fair and genuine performance. Not so to the spectator behind the scenes. He sees, under cover of blaring music and blazing lights, little but deliberate cruelty—a succession of cats crammed by invisible hands through a hole in a side-box, and simply whipped along a pole. Or, again, in Paris I saw some performing bears: again it was all the whip, merciless and stinging. Or, again, these niggers in the lion's cage: it is simply lion-driving with flashlights and whips. The element of danger makes it no better—rather worse. I should like to see it all made illegal.

*What is
Vermin and
What is Not?*

I came across, the other day, a gamekeeper's "larder," and the collection of owls, squirrels, jays, &c., strung up there set me wondering on the strange license that is usually given to an English gamekeeper to kill exactly what he pleases. The fact is this: very few owners or licensees of shooting take the least trouble to find out for themselves what is harmful and what is not. Now, you may divide our vermin into two classes—namely, egg-stealers and game-killers. Of egg-stealers we have the rook, crow, jay, magpie, rat, hedgehog. Of these the brown rat is by far the most destructive, and, I may add, the most favoured by the average gamekeeper; the rook is bad only in very dry seasons; the crow and magpie are always bad; the hedgehog does a little harm occasionally, and the same may be said of the jay, for the jay is exceedingly fond of small birds' eggs, and confines its attention very much to these. The game-killers include the sparrowhawk, again (for young birds) the crow, the stoat and weasel, the fox, rat, and cat. I don't mean to say that no other animals or birds do harm at any time, for if we were to include every casual offender this list might be much prolonged. What I do say is this: these are the chief offenders. The harm the others do is so unappreciable that practically it amounts to nothing. If your keeper would take care that not a rat was on the place, you would be absolutely astonished at the improvement in your head of game. A keeper's tools are traps, not guns; but as long as you allow him to carry a gun, so long will he amuse himself by killing kestrels, owls, and all the things that come easiest to hand.

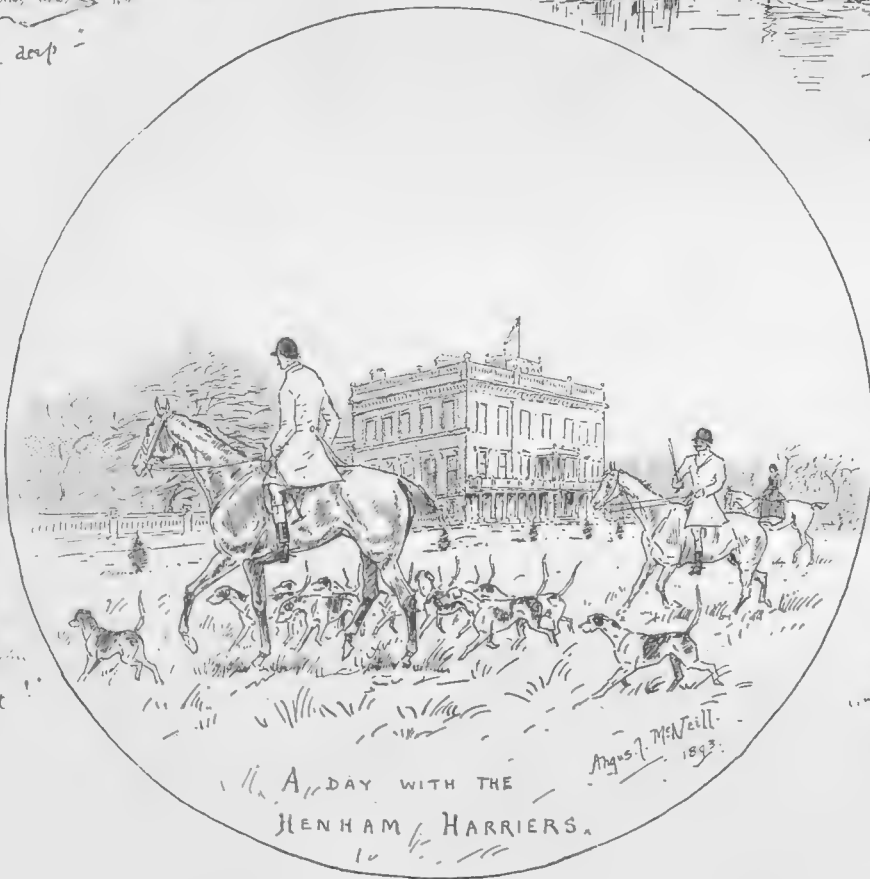
So it seems that the extraordinary abundance of rabbits in the country, owing to the remarkable breeding time last year, has been followed in some districts by a plague of stoats. The keepers, I read, shoot all they can, but yet their numbers do not seem to lessen. But why do the keepers shoot them at all? Why don't they trap them? They do try, I am told, but the stoats won't come to the trap. The explanation of this is, I venture to believe, a very simple one. Baited traps, such as will take cats, will not, as a rule, take stoats; but, at the same time, nothing is easier to catch than this very creature, for a stoat cannot resist running through any little passage that offers—for example, a run through the bank, behind a gate-post, or through a drainpipe. All you have to do, then, is either to conceal an unbaited trap in a drainpipe, or to construct artificial runs in the bank, and set your trap there. Then you will be bound to get your stoat.



Suffolk ditches are deep -



Business & Pleasure -



A DAY WITH THE
HENHAM HARRIERS.

August McNeill
1893.



Get away on - leave it!



Tally ho!



The hare having gone to ground
in a drain -



A lopping pole is pressed into the service
from the nearest farm.



André & Seigh

MISS WINIFRED EMERY AS MISS ELIZABETH LINLEY
IN "DICK SHERIDAN," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

“DICK SHERIDAN,” AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

From Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS PATTIE BROWNE (MRS. LAPPET).



MISS WINIFRED EMERY (MISS ELIZABETH LINLEY).



MISS EMERY.



MR. H. B. IRVING (DICK SHERIDAN).

MISS ETTIE WILLIAMS.

Miss Ettie Williams was still in her becoming eighteenth century dress and powdered wig, carefully arranged by Clarkson's own hand, when I was introduced to her in Mr. Edward Hastings's really comfortable business room, which he had courteously placed at our disposal for our chat. Miss Ettie Williams's part in "Dick Sheridan" is by no

understudy Desdemona. But again I did not get any opportunity to show what I could do, nor did the *matinée* proposed, with a cast composed of the understudies, ever come off. At last I got my first real chance. I was playing in 'Cerise and Co.' at a *matinée*, and after it Mr. Henry Arthur Jones offered me the part of Lady Eve in 'Judah,' shortly going on tour, if I would recite to him the 'Dream Speech.' Well, I satisfied him and was engaged, but how I succeeded on tour I must leave my scrap-book to acquaint you."

My perusal of the volume assures me that Miss Ettie Williams's impersonation was characterised by a perfect grasp of the part, while she presented a realistic picture, at once as pathetic as it was truly artistic, and the critiques, I find, endorse my own impression—that this young actress is destined to take a foremost place in her profession.

With Mr. H. B. Nelson's company, on another tour, Miss Ettie Williams was promoted to the leading and difficult part of Vashti Dethic, and looked extremely ethereal and lovely as the faith-healer in "Judah," while her excellent declamation and her graceful action gave increased beauty to the saint-like Welsh woman. So satisfied Mr. H. A. Jones seems to have been, that when he witnessed her impersonation at Leamington he came "behind" and offered her the part of understudy to Miss Olga Brandon as one of the wicked rose-maiden seamstresses in "The Crusaders," and subsequently at Brighton she was enabled to delineate her conception of the character of Una Dell so successfully as to create a most favourable impression. Called on suddenly by Mr. Van Biene, she left on tour through the chief provincial towns and played the Duchesse de Vervier in the "Broken Melody," presenting the *hauteur* and admirable resource of the scheming *patricienne* with telling power. Miss Ettie Williams for some little time played Miss Annie Hughes's part in "Sowing the Wind," and she has also appeared in many *matinées*, one of the more recent being when she made a really interesting study of the part of Maria on the occasion of Mr. Edward Hastings's benefit at the Crystal Palace, last October.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS ETTIE WILLIAMS AS ANNCHEN IN "THE PIPER OF HAMELIN," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

means an important one, nor was her Annchen in "The Piper of Hamelin": but her successes in leading rôles in the provinces give her ample assurance that it is only want of opportunity, not lack of merit, which relegates her for the moment to subordinate positions in the bill.

"And do you come of a theatrical family, Miss Williams?" I asked.

"Oh! dear, no. My people were rather seriously-minded, especially my mother, who was Scotch. But I always had a craze for charades and amateur theatricals. I was originally an art student, and used to paint from the life under Mrs. Louise Jopling. Do you remember her 'Dear Lady Disdain'? I sat for that, and very proud I felt. As to my school life, it was spent in Bedford Square. Then we went to live in Wales, at Barmouth. Ah! you know it? What fun we had there, spending our days in swimming, bass-fishing, and picnicking on the island, with excursions to Towyn and up the river to the Black Rock. Well, to go back, I found the sedentary life of an artist too trying, and I made up my mind to follow my inclination and go on the stage."

"Whatever step did you take, for they say it is *le premier pas qui coûte*?"

"I went straight to Mr. Tree, and he tried to dissuade me; but I'm not easily daunted, and eventually he offered me a walking lady's part in a riding habit, and, as good luck would have it, Mr. Wyndham saw me and engaged me to play the maid in the first production of 'The Headless Man.' I sha'n't easily forget my one rehearsal, for I was playing a small part at a *matinée* at the Strand when a note came requiring me to come at once; so I went, just as I was, in an evening gown, and you may judge of the astonishment of the audience at the dress rehearsal to see a maid come on in evening dress."

"And then?"

"Oh, then I went back to Mr. Tree, and was understudy to Miss Julia Neilson in the 'Man's Shadow,' appearing till I was wanted, which I never was, among the crowd in the court; but I was learning my business all the time, and that is what I wanted to do. My next experience was as Lady Blanche in 'Esther Sandraz.' Then Mr. Hare cast me for Lucy Lorimer in 'A Pair of Spectacles,' and you may remember I had some very telling lines about gratitude not being always to be expected for a kind action conferred, instancing the sparrows, which fly away directly they are satisfied. About this time I had an offer from Mr. Augustin Daly to go to America, but I preferred to accept an engagement with Mr. Irving to



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

MISS ETTIE WILLIAMS.

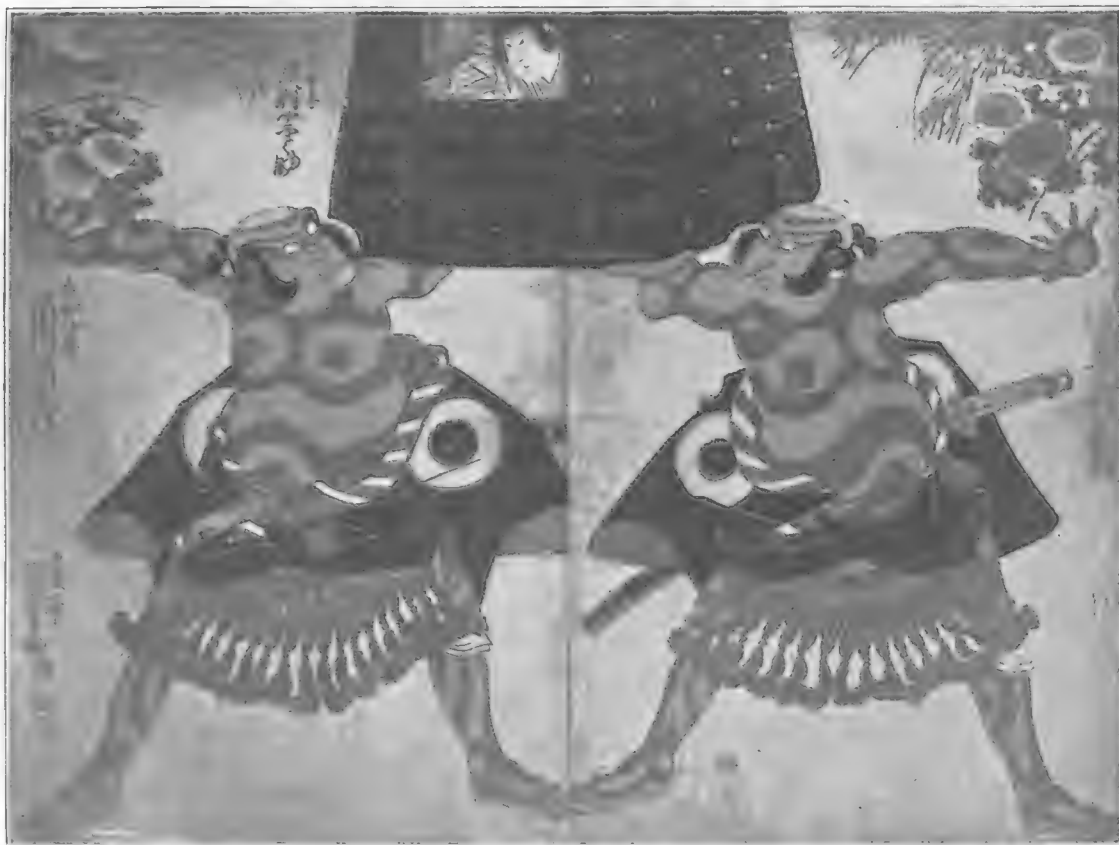
THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE CONNOISSEUR.—A. G. TAGLIAFERRO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH PUBLISHED BY PAULUSSEN, VIENNA, AND SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.

ART NOTES.



TWO WARRIORS CARRYING A YOUNG LADY IN A PALANQUIN.—KUNISADA.
Exhibited at the Goupil Gallery, Regent Street, S.W.

A talented amateur photographer, A. G. Tagliaferro, has just had reproduced in photogravure by Richard Paulussen, of Vienna, and 215, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C., and published in album form, twelve figure pictures, several of which have been exhibited at photographic exhibitions. Mr. Tagliaferro has been a worker in photography for twenty-five years, and was awarded the medal of the Photographic Society of Great Britain in 1884 for an admirable photograph of St. John's Church, Malta. In all he has been awarded some twenty-five medals, his excellent work having received recognition at exhibitions held in Vienna, Paris, Geneva, and many of our large provincial towns.

Mr. Tagliaferro composes his own pictures, and does not have recourse to the help of professional models. In addition to his great skill as a photographer, it may be mentioned that Mr. Tagliaferro is an artist of no mean order, and has produced many good pictures with pencil and brush. His success is largely due to his thorough knowledge of drawing, light and shade, and the laws which govern composition balance and chiaroscuro. All his photographic work is produced on large plates 15 in. by 10 in., and having found a brand of plates which give good results he is constant to them, using pyro and



UN DEUIL.—H. JAMET.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



THE FUGITIVE.—PROFESSOR T. PORTAELS.
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.



A BACCHANTE.—T. B. KENNINGTON.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.



AT THE OPERA.—C. HERMANS.
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.



A PORTRAIT.—MISS HELEN DONALD SMITH.
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.



"WHEN THE 'KYE' COME HOME."—H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.
Exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, Haymarket.

ammonia for a developer, painting almost exclusively in platinotype. As will be seen by the photograph that is reproduced on page 301, Mr. Tagliaferro does not confine himself at all in the choice of a subject, and is as much at ease when depicting pathos as in humour. The picture which we reproduce is a fine example of the care and taste he exercises, as well as the remarkable advance which has been made in photogravure. The album is most handsome, and every one of the plates therein is worthy of the highest praise.

The offer by Mr. Yates Thompson of £38,000 for the building of a portion of Mr. Pearson's proposed addition to Westminster Abbey, for the purpose of continuing the national series of monuments to our great men, is one which should recall to our minds something of the artistic claims which the great Abbey commands. Mr. Thompson, in his exceedingly generous offer, describes that series of monuments as "unrivalled," a word which requires some distinction.

In a sense, indeed, the monuments are unrivalled, because they commemorate unbrokenly for a long series of years—through many centuries, in fact—all the lives that have added to the glory of England's art, literature, statesmanship, and conquests. Moreover, apart from the mere harmony of the architecture, it seems fitting that for so



THE LOCK, SHIPLAKE.—MAX LUDBY.
Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.



HENLEY.—MAX LUDBY.
Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

noble a commemoration the Great National Church of England should be selected. At the same time, however, one is met by this contradiction, that, as an artistic whole, the Abbey is well-nigh ruined by the monuments: you can no longer see the wood for trees.

The exquisite style of the Abbey's architecture, the infinite refinement of its proportions, of its detail, its roof and its stonework, are terribly coarsened and put out of joint by this crude and, for the most part, ugly collection of white stone and marble, carved in every manner of stonemasonry—one can scarcely call it sculpture—of every bad period of English art. It is well, for example, that we should have a record of Charles James Fox in Westminster Abbey. But is it well that we should be compelled to combine these fairy traceries, these "madrigals in stone," with this portly figure bemoaned by a fat negro?

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, does well, again, to spring from his medallion,

and, "with eagle eye and outstretched hand, bid defiance to the foes of England." But it is not well that this cumbrous monument of fat, sleek stone should destroy the proportions of the north aisle. Then there arises the suggestion of a possibility: would it not be possible to transplant the more egregious among this "unrivalled" series of monuments into the overflow building, and thus, while preserving the continuity of the collection, save also the artistic appearance of the Abbey?

Mrs. Combe's bequest to Cambridge University has been accepted by Convocation, and in future Cambridge will be the richer by works of many artists whose names have won celebrity. There are in the collection many Holman Huuts, including "The Early Missionaries" and the "Festival of St. Swithin." The most interesting canvases, perhaps, are many early works by Sir John Millais, among them "The Return of the Dove to the Ark." Rossetti's "Dante's Celebration of Beatrice's Birthday" is among the collection, with one or two Boningtons and sketches by David Cox and W. Hunt.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



TRAGEDIAN : " If I am discovered, I am lost !

VOICE FROM THE GODS : " If you are diskivered, you are found, you silly idiot ! "



A NEW SORT OF DEER.

MRS. NEWE O'RICHE: "There, my dear, these are hantlers."



SIMON THE CELLARER.



"That was an awfully good joke you made last night. I wish I could say it was mine."
"You will, my boy, you will!"

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.



BREEZY MARCH.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

CALLS ON SOME POOR RELATIONS.

When one speaks of "poor relations" among the lower animals, the term generally calls up a mental vision of some of the anthropoid apes—of the gorillas of which Du Chaillu gave such thrilling accounts; of the

surroundings, and serve for generation after generation. The social habit is very strongly developed in these animals, and they show their sympathy for each other in a very practical way. When the burrows of a colony are destroyed and the inhabitants buried beneath the ruins, their fellows from a distance will come and dig them out. Hudson says that he has frequently surprised them when so engaged. Moreover, he doubts "if there is in the world any other four-footed creatures so loquacious or with a dialect so extensive." Our friends in confinement are not so talkative, but a deep snort seems to do duty for greeting and thanks.

On the opposite side lives the hyrax, a close relation of the "coney" of Scripture, but not the same species, though that may be often found here. On account of structural peculiarities, these animals have a whole sub-order to themselves, though they were formerly classed with the rabbit and hare, and later with the pachyderms. The hyrax testifies delight at seeing an acquaintance by a faint, whinnying cry and a series of jumps which resemble those of a performing leopard that runs round the den at the command of his trainer. He springs from his box and clammers up the wires, giving one a good opportunity to examine the hoof-like nails with which the fingers are armed, and then, with a sidelong bound, he comes down to the bottom. And so he moves round and round till some tangible token of friendship is offered him in the shape of biscuit or sponge-cake. He is not ungrateful, for when one has fed him with some little dainty he will press closely against the bars to have his soft fur stroked, and his bright eyes will gleam with delight. When he goes to the back of his cage, and sits there statue-like but for



THE VISCACHA.

little orang that Wallace tended so carefully, or of "Sally," taught by Professor Romanes to count; or, to come down a step lower, of the mandril "Jerry," formerly the glory of the Surrey Gardens, who was wont to solace himself with weak gin-and-water and a pipe, "just like any Christian." Our "poor relations" are, so to speak, poorer still than these; nevertheless, one may derive no small pleasure from an occasional call on them.

The viscacha, which belongs to the same family as the rabbit and hare, ranges over South America, from Buenos Ayres to Patagonia. Nine visitors out of ten, when they see it for the first time in the Small Mammals' House at the Zoological Gardens, exclaim, "What an ugly creature!" forgetful of the nursery dictum about ugliness. Its appearance certainly is peculiar, for it is clad in greyish fur, with two dark stripes across the face, on each side of which are large hairy appendages, that one may call whiskers or moustaches, as one pleases, and that certainly make the creature look extremely fierce. But a whistle will bring it, or them, for there is a family in the cage, up to the bars, and they will sit up on their hind-legs, with the tail serving as an additional support, and show their chisel-like teeth in hope of being fed. Biscuits, sliced carrots, and fruit lie neglected on the floor of their dwelling, as if the food that a visitor offered were more toothsome than that provided for them. A little caution is necessary in feeding them, for as they sit up the head is carried so far back that they are apt to bite somewhat at random, and a nip from those incisors would take a piece out. Rodents are not credited with much brain-power, and the viscachas are low down in the order, yet their burrows show an admirable adaptation to their



THE BINTURONG.

the slight movement of his lips, one can easily understand how it was that the Jews came to the erroneous conclusion that these animals chewed the cud.

Harsh, guttural sounds from the other side of the house warn us that a "poor relation" dwelling there feels slighted. A word or two will keep "Binny" silent, but not at rest, for the dark, pointed head sways restlessly to and fro, and then the animal rears up against the bars, as if to make sure that it shall not be overlooked through any want of self-assertiveness. This animal, the binturong, or black bear cat, as it is sometimes called, is found in Central and Eastern Asia, where it lives among the branches, rarely descending to the ground. The large, bushy tail is prehensile, and will twine round a branch as deftly as that of a South American monkey. This creature has very liberal views in matters of diet—mice, rats, birds, and insects are its principal food, with fruit and succulent shoots by way of dessert, or, it may be, as a makeshift when nothing better can be got. It is by no means difficult to make "Binny's" acquaintance: a few biscuits, a little fruit, or a tiny lump of sugar, will serve as an introduction, and when the acquaintance is made the "poor relation" will do its best to continue it. The appearance of a friend, or even the sound of his voice, will rouse the animal from slumber, and till notice is taken of it, by petting it and offering it something toothsome, it will wander restlessly to and fro, uttering mildly reproachful howls. It is as difficult to satisfy "Binny" with biscuits or raisins as it would be to fill an elephant with buns!—H. S.



THE HYRAX.

A FAMOUS ARMOURY.

MR. EDWIN J. BRETT SHOWS HIS TREASURES.

Nothing in the unpretentious exterior of Mr. Brett's town house in North London prepares one for the beauties within. Once the door is passed, everything that taste and wealth can do has been done. The hall, spacious and lofty, is lighted by pendent mosaic lamps of exquisite beauty, held



Photo by F. T. Palmer, Kingston.

MR. EDWIN J. BRETT.

by long gold chains. The walls are covered with fine old pictures, black marble pedestals hold bronze figures of great beauty, and a huge bowl of white lilies gives Nature's touch of loveliness to the whole.

Mr. Brett received me in his "Indian Room," where everything is Oriental, from the curiously carved and painted panelling to the heavily illuminated ceiling. Hideous ivory and silver gods stare with sleepy eyes, quaint cabinets, wonderful tables, uninviting-looking temples surround one.

Mr. Brett is a thorough Saxon in appearance, with clear-cut features, keen, clever blue eyes, light brown hair, and a pleasant, smiling, refined mouth, upright as a dart, and a little above the medium height.

"Perhaps you would like to look round the reception-rooms before we make our way to the Armoury and have our chat?" Mr. Brett said. "This is the ordinary dining-room," he remarked, throwing open the door. The room is essentially one of comfort; lovely flowers deck the table, two bullfinches twitter in the window, handsome bronzes stand upon the sideboard, and magnificent pictures, mostly by modern masters, deck the walls. Among the many beautiful things in this room is an equestrian statue of Cromwell cast in silver, the original model of one which was to have been placed in Palace Yard, Westminster.

Next Mr. Brett led the way to the drawing-room, a beautiful apartment, furnished in the Louis XIV. style, with hand-painted ceiling, door, and walls, upon which hang many splendid water-colour pictures. Upon either side of the magnificently carved mantelpiece stand two large statues of "Night" and "Morning"; a grand piano proclaims Mr. Brett's love for music, curtains of lace and satin brocade drape the windows. Two immense and exquisite vases of Dresden china stand at either end of the room, lights glow softly from all sorts of unexpected corners, numberless mirrors reflecting them. Cabinets are filled with works of art that would take a day to examine.

"A very beautiful room!" was my exclamation.

"Yes, I think it is; but you will admire my dining-hall even more. I designed it, as I have a great many of the other rooms since I bought this house."

"Baronial" is the only word to use with regard to this magnificent dining-hall. It is entirely panelled in carved oak, with carved oak illuminated ceiling. The magnificent fireplace is carved boldly right up to the ceiling, which is fifteen feet from the floor. On the huge oak sideboard—made from the oak of old Westminster Law Courts—which just fits a deep wide recess, is a splendid bronze of eight equestrian

figures, which takes four men to lift. The chairs are of carved oak, with seats of red leather. The full-length oil-paintings are magnificent; the two great logs blazing on the brass dogs in the open fireplace and the red-shaded lamps illuminate the great hall just as it should be.

I could not help remarking that I seemed to have stepped back ages.

"Well, as a matter of fact, you have; everything in this room, including the oak carving, is really old. The pictures, as you see, are genuine old masters. If you think the room beautiful at present, you ought to see it when I have a dinner party on. Now, may I conduct you to the Armoury?"

We passed through a tasteful boudoir, through the statuary, where one could have lingered for hours looking at the beautiful works of art. "Just have a peep at my cameos," Mr. Brett said, stopping at a large case; "the artistic work is considered very fine; the colouring of many is exquisite."

"All I complain of is that you have too many beautiful things to be examined in less than a week."

"Look at my pictures. I think the walls of my house are pretty well hung with them, but you see I have a nice little gallery here. Suppose we come to the Armoury this way?"

I just had time to glance hurriedly round the pictures, then followed Mr. Brett, who, however, was not apparently approaching any door.

"It will save time if I say 'Open Sesame,'" he said, his eyes twinkling with merriment; "we do not want to go through all those rooms again, and the Armoury is under here."

He touched a picture and it revolved slowly, then stood back, and we went down a dark spiral staircase, round and round till we came to the bottom.

"Allow me." Another magic touch was given, a piece of ancient tapestry lifted, and we had stepped back centuries into a most wonderful collection of arms and armour. Figures in armour stand all round a large, long, lofty room, some with visors raised and showing stern knight-like faces, some with visors closed, some with lances held at rest, some on guard, the pose and grouping of the figures being most realistic. Swords, breastplates, daggers, spears, battle-axes, chanfreins, cross-bows, petronels, bedeck the walls, while numerous cases down the centre of the room contain other precious relics of the days of chivalry.

"And you have collected all this yourself?"

"Well, not all myself: I have employed agents to travel, but agents in armour are deceitful and tricky; therefore, a man should be able to judge for himself before he parts with his money. You must notice those



PORTUGUESE BOWL-HILTED RAPIER (END OF THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH).

twelve stained-glass windows. I am rather proud of them; they are the original models of those in Bruges Cathedral. You would see them better in the day time."

"And when did your love for arms and armour first develop?"

"About the age of nine, I think. I used to go with my parents to St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury. I was born at Canterbury. The

walls of the church were hung with banners, helmets, breastplates, daggers, and other trophies of the Middle Ages. I used to look at them all sermon time, and weave romances about those who had worn the

armour and used the weapons in the good old days of knighthood."

"Of course, as a collector of armour, you have sometimes been 'taken in,' like the rest of us?"

"Oh, yes, often by agents or dealers in armour. The first complete suit of armour I bought was a delusion and a snare. I thought I possessed a treasure almost above price; but further knowledge of my hobby proved I



ARMET OF BLUED STEEL
(WORN BY THE DUKE OF SAVOY ABOUT 1553).

had been very cleverly 'done': the only genuine parts of the whole suit proved to be the elbow-guards and one gauntlet."

"The acquisition of such a collection as yours must have been a great labour as well as a great pleasure?"

"Yes, indeed. I think I may say that I have searched almost every old curiosity shop in England and the Continent. Now and then I have picked up a genuine sword or two; but for the most part my efforts in that line have been crowned with disappointment."

"Do you remember the first perfect suit you acquired?"

"Perfectly; it was about twenty-five years ago. I bought it from Mr. Henry Sheridan, a perfect and genuine Cavalier's suit. That is the gentleman, the grandfather, so to speak, of my armed knights"—and Mr. Brett pointed to a magnificent suit of armour standing upright with visor raised, and a decidedly Cavalier-like face looking out. "The possession of this was an incentive to me to go on. I then widened the scope of my endeavours, and I began to collect from all the world."

"You have travelled a great deal?"

"I think I may say that I have travelled all over Europe: I have bought arms and armour in France, Italy, Germany, Russia, Spain, Poland, and England."

"And what armour, in your opinion, is the most beautiful?"

"Oh, French, Spanish, and Italian, decidedly. The tracing and workmanship is really wonderful. The German armour is, perhaps, the strongest, next to the English—which, as a rule, is almost unembellished: the pink of English chivalry procured their arms



CHANFREIN FASHIONED AS A MARINE
MONSTER'S HEAD.

and armour from France, Spain, and Italy; but Germany supplied quantities. I think," laughing, "the supply of arms and armour to England in the Middle Ages must have been the beginning of Germany supplying us with almost everything now."

"I suppose the armour is not stamped 'Made in Germany'?"

"None in my collection is of such recent date. My armour dates from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century."



HELMET (REIGN OF HENRY VIII.).

"You have had some adventures in collecting your armour?"

"Yes; I wish I had time to tell you of my journey to Prussian Poland to visit the Castle of Mgowo, where I bought up the entire collection of Count Geyeski—if I were still writing boys' stories I could weave a romance of deep interest out of it."

"You have given up writing, then?"

"I have given up writing fiction. You know, of course, that I have just produced my book on 'Arms and Armour.' I find it labour enough to supervise what my almost numberless authors write, for I publish a journal a day. I consider I was almost the pioneer of pure boys' literature."

"I think you have presented Southend with a lifeboat?"

"Yes; I have a nice model of it, which I will show you in my smoking-room, presented to me by the National Lifeboat Association. Shall I show you my billiard-room?"

"Your book is a wonderful one; it must have been a great expense and labour."

"Tremendous, but a labour of love. I was positively sorry when it was finished."

"You consider your collection of swords a very fine one?"

"I think, without exaggeration, I may say the finest in any private collection in England. I have about three hundred, but all are dissimilar. I have upwards of a thousand pieces of armour, taking whole suits as one piece, and no two are alike. This," taking a huge broadsword out of a case, "is something which I think will interest you as having belonged to Old Noll. It is highly tempered, and the ornamentation is elaborate, if a trifle severe."

"Is this French, or Italian, or German, Mr. Brett?"

"Oh, British, decidedly," smiling at my ignorance. "The piercing and chasing is very fine, especially for British work."

"This is a beautiful helmet, Mr. Brett."

"Yes; it formerly belonged to a suit of armour worn by the Duke of Savoy in 1550. The armet is of blued steel; its preservation is simply perfect. All the original blueing and gilding is retained, also the hook and springs for fastening. The engraving is very fine. You will notice that the true-lovers' knot, the badge of the ducal family of Savoy, is engraved on each alternate band. I suppose I shall not lay myself open to a libel action if I say that, in spite of the true-lovers' knot, they were rare rascals in love."

"You have bought largely, I suppose, from other collectors?"

"Yes, from Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick's collection, Lord Londesborough, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Count Geyeski, and others."

"I believe you have another collection at Oaklands, Thanet?"

"Yes, and a much more beautiful place than I have here. I should be very happy to welcome you there."

"Well," I said, as I passed up another staircase, not the secret one this time, and looked down upon the wonderful collection, "whatever else you may achieve in your busy life, you have built your monument in your many works and this magnificent collection of arms and armour for all the generations to come."

A. M. M.

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GERMAN CAP-À-PIE SUIT OF FLUTED
MAXIMILIAN ARMOUR.

FROM THE DUSTBIN TO THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

A CHAT WITH MR. GLASKIN.

It was after a very pleasant, not to say instructive, day spent at the electric light works of the Livet Company at Halifax that it occurred to me to have a quiet chat with Mr. Glaskin, the engineer-in-chief, so on our way back to the hotel I managed to get in conversation with him, and between the whiffs of our cigars I interviewed him unawares. It was not difficult to see, after very few words had passed between us, that he was absolutely genuine in his belief in the importance of the Frenchman's invention.

"This is," said he, "really a practical demonstration of the correctness of the theories of the early scientists of this century as to the laws



THE WORKS.

which govern the action of gases and the variation of temperature, and approaches more nearly than any other process to the attainment of complete combustion."

"Then complete combustion is not obtained in the ordinary furnace?" I asked, trying not to feel myself out of my depth in the sea of science in which I had, so it seemed to me, found myself suddenly flung.

"No," said Mr. Glaskin, gravely, as I thought I saw him endeavour to hide a furtive smile at my ignorance, "it is never attained in practice, and that is why I use the word 'approaches'"; and he proceeded to explain to me the way in which, by a system of expanding flues, the combustible matter loses all its noxious gases and the dust is held in suspension, and what passes out of the chimney into the open air is absolutely devoid of any unpleasant odour, and there is no dust whatever to escape and pollute the atmosphere of the surrounding district.

"Then you mean to say that every particle of the stuff that feeds the furnace is entirely consumed?"

"Exactly so, with the exception of the dust already mentioned and the clinkers which are formed and drawn out of the furnace every six hours. Both prove of value, however. The clinkers are used for road-mending, and mortar can be made with the dust, which proves stronger than that made from sand."

"Has this all-absorbing furnace," I asked, "any fancy for any particular sort of fuel?"

"None whatever," he replied; "it will burn absolutely anything. I may mention that experiments have been made which show that even sludge containing forty per cent. of moisture has been operated on successfully."

"And what are the practical results likely to be obtained by the utilisation of the forces thus generated?" I inquired, feeling my way cautiously, as I realised that I was among the breakers of scientific fact.

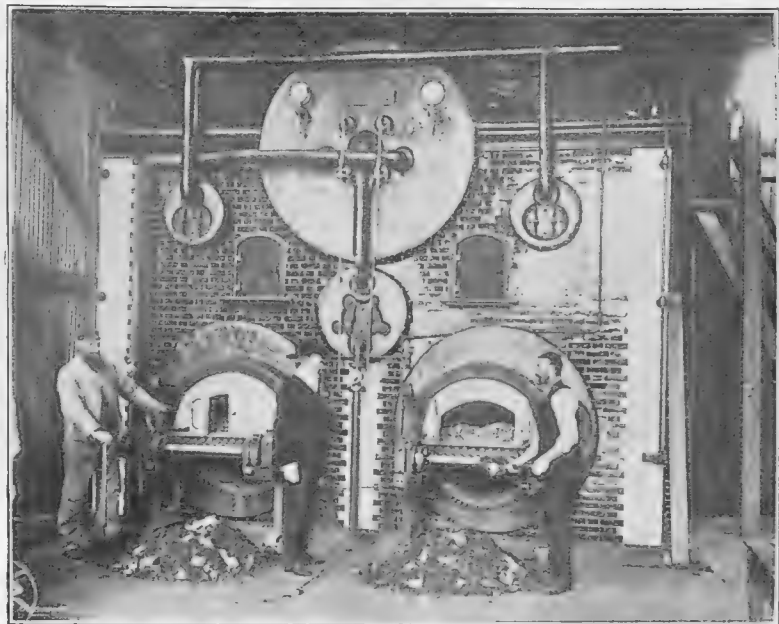
"Well, first of all," he replied, "there is the practical disposal of town refuse, and then the resultant force can be used either for electric light or for the generation of steam-power for all sorts of purposes. In fact," he added, with a grin, "few people realise what dormant force they possess in their own dustbin."

"In the shape of electric light, for example," he added, "it will be found that by means of the power

which is by our system so cheaply generated we can produce electric light at 13s. a lamp per annum, as against £5 per annum, the cost of a gas-jet, or, in other words, as compared with gas at 3s. per 1000."

"But will not your refuse, which costs you nothing, begin to be valuable when the invention is more in use?" I inquired, thinking that here, at all events, ignoramus as I might be on such matters, there was a chance to trip him up.

"No," he replied immediately; "this is a question which simply affects the different towns, and no householder can ever make a charge for his refuse if the town authorities object to it, for they can insist on collecting it, so that to charge for the refuse will be impossible."



FRONT VIEW OF THE FURNACE.

"And apart from the experiments which we have seen this morning, are there any other practical results which have been attained with it?"

"Oh, yes. Engineers of various towns have been sent to us, and at Harrogate, for instance, these boilers are being used for the purpose of producing electric light for the town, and we are in correspondence with a great number of other parishes. The results which we have obtained are not our results, but those of the Corporation of Engineers."

"It seems hard lines," I remarked, after a pause, "that Monsieur de Livet should not have lived to see the results of his important discovery, for you can hardly call it an invention."

"Yes, indeed. His discovery was the result of lectures which he attended at the Ecole Polytechnique. The professor advised his pupils



Mr. Glaskin explains.

that if ever they had to build a chimney they should build it wider at the top than at the base. This is so different to the ideas which have hitherto obtained among engineers that it may have been said to have been received, up to the present, with contumely. Livet, I may tell you, died very suddenly some twelve months ago. He came over from Paris to avoid conscription in the war of 1870, and started business as a boiler-maker in London. The old lectures returned to his mind, and he determined to put them into effect. A great number of his boilers have been erected on the principles of his discovery, with such advantageous results that, wherever they have been put into operation, the whole series has been changed to his system.

"The more one goes into this subject the more one discovers what an immense quantity of valuable power-producing substances are every day being wasted. All sorts of refuse, from manufactures as well as towns, are being tested in this furnace. I may mention, perhaps, that from four pounds of carbon lining from gas retorts, which has hitherto been difficult to dispose of, we have produced as much power as can be obtained from one pound of coal in the ordinary boiler.

"No one at this moment can attempt to gauge," he continued, as the proximity of the hotel gave a full-stop to a conversation which I had found more interesting than I had expected from the nature of the subject of which we were treating, "the vast economy which it is possible to gain in regard to the generation of power, as seems to be foreshadowed by the working of this invention, and it is not too much to expect that the time will come when by the utilisation of every waste product the economy of living will meet the increased demands of the comfort of the masses, and, in other words, it will go some way towards turning the luxuries of to-day into the necessities of the future."

J. M. P.

THE PROGRESS OF THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

In their forty-fifth report the directors of this company state that the number of policies issued in the ordinary branch during 1893 was 54,558, assuring the sum of £5,627,065, and producing a new annual premium income of £304,928. The premiums received during the year were £1,854,370, being an increase of £188,759 over the year 1892. The claims of the year amounted to £478,564. The number of deaths was 3397, and 154 endowment assurances matured. The number of policies in force at the end of the year was 335,176. In the industrial branch the premiums received during the year were £3,971,863, being an increase of £122,706. The claims of the year amounted to £1,662,768. The number of deaths was 185,003, and 1267 endowment assurances matured. The number of free policies granted during the year to those policy-holders of five years' standing who have desired to discontinue their payments was 55,764, the number in force being 338,272. The number of free policies which became claims during the year was 6424. The total number of policies in force at the end of the year was 10,476,393: their average duration is seven years and a quarter. The assets of the company, in both branches, as shown in the balance-sheet, are £18,538,865, being an increase of £2,229,213 over those of 1892. The system of annual distribution of profits begun last year having given satisfaction alike to policy-holders and share-holders, the directors have decided to continue it, and a complete valuation for the past year has been made. The total surplus of the two branches, as shown by valuation, is £943,874, and, after carrying forward the sums of £100,000 and £360,000, £483,874 is left for distribution among the participating policy- and share-holders.

SOUVENIR DU BAL.

Tiny pencil from her programme,
Dainty card of gold and blue,
Lightly held in shell-pink fingers
When my eyes last lit on you.

Tell me what her bosom's thoughts were,
Tell me why her eyes were bright,
While the music's throbbing measure
Floated through the summer night.

Was she thinking of the future,
Hid by Time's all-rosy wing?
Of her gifts in life's cotillon?
Of the joys that love should bring?

Tell me, did her heart beat faster,
Did her eyes more softly glance,
As you nestled in her bosom
When I went to claim "our dance"?

Was she sorry when I left her,
With a smile and lingering bow?
Can I hope, with rhyme or reason,
That she's thinking of me now?

F. W. F.

[The author of these verses was also the writer of the amusing rhymes entitled "The Feminine Fictionist," which appeared in our issue of Feb. 21. They were quoted from the *New York Critic*, which had borrowed them (without acknowledgment) from the *St. James's Gazette*, where they originally appeared.]

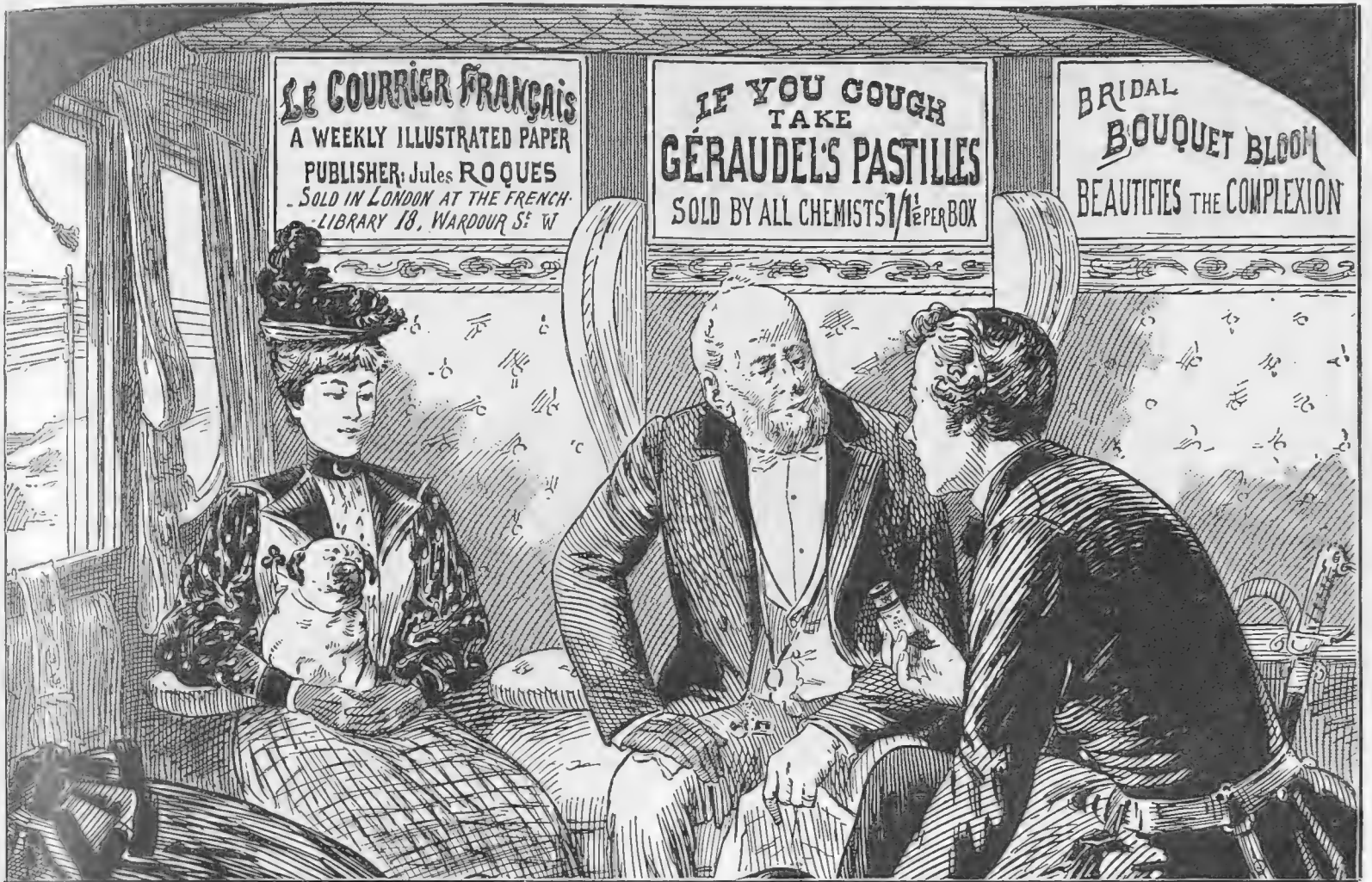
MDLLE. NAYA AT THE EMPIRE.

One of the most popular of Parisian *café-concert* artists is Mdlle. Naya, and one can easily understand it, for, apart from being the enviable possessor of a charming voice and considerable personal attractions, she is the absolute embodiment of that natural *chic* and *entrain* which appeal so much to a French audience. That over here in London these delightful attributes are also appreciated to their full value needs no further evidence than the enthusiastic reception Mdlle. Naya receives nightly at the Empire, and this in spite of what is, doubtless, a fact, that probably not a third of the audience understand more than half what she is singing about, and the remainder of the crowd nothing at all—though perhaps it is better that they don't, for French music-hall songs won't bear translating into English. It is not given to many artists to invent a "style," but to Mdlle. Naya is undoubtedly due the credit of an innovation, for, as she explained to the writer, she was the first



MDLLE. NAYA.

to present to the public the *gommeuse* type of song and costume—though why it should be called *gommeuse* is somewhat difficult to grasp: perhaps the enormous hat and impossible wig have something to do with it. It was in her tiny dressing-room at the Empire that the accompanying sketch was made and the following extremely interesting biographical facts were elicited. She made her *début* at the Alcazar d'Été in Paris at the comparatively early age of sixteen, under the auspices of M. Wenzel, after having studied three years with Sylvain, of the Comédie Française. Then crossed the Champs Elysées and appeared at the "Ambassadeurs," and then on to "L'Horloge"; finally, after a voyage to America, settling down at the new Olympia Concert Hall in the Boulevard des Capucines. At all of these places huge successes—successes, doubtless, much helped by novelty of her varied costume (for it is one of her "fads" never to appear twice in succession in the same attire), and by the fact that she only sings songs she has herself created (hence the originality of her "turns"), and also the number of huge trunks without which she cannot travel. The writer learnt, to his no little astonishment, that this trip of hers to London, though originally only intended to be of short duration, necessitated the packing of no less than sixty different dresses and hats, contained in twelve huge trunks, in comparison with which Saratogas are small handbags. This is her first visit to London, but not her last, she hopes.



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much thanks."**

HAMLET
ACT I
SCENE I

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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Amidst all the surprises and sensations of the season the thing that tickles me most is—what do you think? The overthrow of Aston Villa? Hardly. The humiliation of the Corinthians? Not at all. The triumph of the good old Rovers? Wrong again. The thing that makes me wake with a smile every morning is the fact that Ireland beat Scotland, and is likely, for the first time in the history of the game, to win the International Rugby Championship.

Ah! you think I am an Irishman, and am carried away by patriotism. Nothing of the kind. Without confessing my country, I may say that in sport I am a cosmopolitan. Ireland's success delights me simply because the "distressful country" has waited and worked so many years for the honour. In a street fight my sympathies are always with "the little fellow," and in the International struggle I go baldheaded for the weaker nation.

Another thing: Ireland's successes over England and Scotland this season were thoroughly deserved; they were not flukes. It is true the victories were narrow, but in each instance Ireland had all the better of the play. It was only in the last five minutes that Forrest dropped that pretty goal against England, and it was only in the last five minutes that Wells ran in the try against Scotland.

I have a theory to explain Ireland's victories. In the first place, however, let me say that Ireland probably never had a better set of scrummagers than this season, and those who know the terror of Irish forwards in the past will appreciate the full meaning of the remark. On the other hand, Scotland and England have often possessed better forwards—a long way better, I am inclined to think. Now, both Scotland and England are in a transition stage, so far as the four three-quarter game is concerned. Both are pupils of the Welsh style, while Ireland, although playing four three-quarter backs, makes no pretence to play the Welsh game. The Irish play their old game with a new formation—a formation which, by-the-way, needs little or no learning as a defence. It is only in attack that the Welsh game requires care, forethought, and patient practice. It takes years of club football to bring it to perfection.

Here, then, we had Scotland and England—two novices at the new style of play—trying to beat Ireland, whose team in defence were equal to themselves and in attack infinitely superior, not so much by reason of intrinsic merit as by playing the game they thoroughly understood. On the one hand you had the old imperfect game played perfectly, and on the other hand you had the new game played imperfectly. The safety of the Irish lay in their total ignorance of the new game. Had they known it a little and attempted to put it into practice, defeat would surely have crowned their puny efforts.

Wales plays the four three-quarter game perfectly, or as near perfection as we are ever likely to see it. When Wales meets Ireland, therefore, we shall have a fairly good test of the two systems. Not a complete test, because I believe that the Irish forwards are superior in weight and speed—purely physical qualities, that will somewhat interfere with the exercise of the scientific qualities which the new Welsh formation demands. When the Watsonian forwards overran the Newport scrummagers in a club match this season, the Welsh system broke down to a certain extent. This is what I anticipate will happen when Wales and Ireland meet to decide the great Rugby event of the year.

By virtue of their splendid triumph over Derby County, Blackburn Rovers are now a strong tip for the Association Cup. A cynical friend of mine suggests that the fact of them being favourites is the only thing that stands between the Rovers and the trophy.

The receipts in the four English Cup ties amounted to £2370, and the average attendance was close on 18,000 at each match.

It is said that Aston Villa have cleared something like £1700 out of their five matches in the Cup ties. This is some consolation for being knocked out of the Cup.

A movement is on foot among southern amateurs to form a purely amateur association. It is difficult to see the exact purpose of the new body. The Football Association deals most impartially with both amateur and professional players.

I was very pleased to see that M. J. Earp, the Wednesday amateur, got his International cap after all. It may be remembered that his portrait appeared in *The Sketch* a fortnight ago.

CRICKET.

Kent, which has always been strong in amateurs, has been voted a sum of £250 to subsidise promising young players—not necessarily belonging to the county. It is to be regretted that the hop county has not been able to arrange fixtures with Essex.

W. L. Murdoch is expected to return from Australia in March, and will play for Sussex throughout the season. C. B. Fry has also qualified for the seaside county. The Oxonian, although not a great player, is probably above the average of Sussex county men.

It is now definitely settled that A. E. Stoddart will take a strong English team to Australia next autumn. The Australians are anxious to see Humphreys, of Sussex, as it appears they value his lob bowling very highly. It is not true that the Australians have asked specially for Lockwood and Richardson to come out, yet it is highly probable that one or both will be asked by Mr. Stoddart.

Since George Giffen returned to Australia he has met with

phenomenal success as a batsman. Against New South Wales he made 47 and 205, and this he followed up against Victoria by 24 and 103.

I learn on the best authority that George Lohmann will not return to England for two or three years at least. This practically means that he is lost for ever to Surrey cricket. He has an idea that Melbourne may be his ultimate home.

ATHLETICS.

One of the leading figures in the recent Cross-Country Championships, held last month at Wembley Park, has been that of Mr. Arthur Cook, the honorary secretary of the Southern Cross-Country Championships.



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapstac.

MR. ARTHUR COOK.

Not only is he a born athlete and a well-known member of the leading harrier clubs in London, but he is an ardent lover of the swimming art, and, in collaboration with Mr. Archie Sinclair, he has written a handbook on the sport. Mr. Cook was born in 1867, is a prominent member of the Cygnus Swimming Club, and finds time amid his Civil Service duties to contribute athletic articles to the Press.

GOLF.

Lennard Stokes, the old International back, won a recent golf handicap at Eltham. There was a number of other old footballers among the competitors, including A. S. Johnston, Gilbert Spurling, and R. Hedderwick. Among those who took part in the recent golf match between the

Past and Present of Oxford University was Mr. Buckle, the editor of the *Times*. He is an immense enthusiast in the game, and declares that there is nothing so recuperating after hard work as a good spell of play over the golf course. Hertfordshire is his favourite hunting ground.

The recent match between Tom Dunn and young Rolland, in which the latter easily beat old Tom and created a record over the Tooting Bec course, has given rise to a good deal of discussion. His admirers declare that not only is Rolland the best living professional, but they say he is probably ahead of almost any of the heroes of the past. Certainly, so far as driving is concerned, there is probably no man at the present day to be compared with him, but when that is said his pre-eminence is probably at an end. As a match-player he is unequalled, but he has yet to win his spurs in championship meetings. At the same time, his present form is quite good enough to make him start favourite at Sandwich.

The statement that Rolland has never lost a match is not correct. Mr. H. H. Hilton points out that he was defeated in a tournament at Brighton by Tom Dunn, while at Sandwich he played second fiddle to Archie Simpson in the tournament of 1888.

The St. George's Club have decided to hold the open championship in June. The opening day is fixed for Monday, the 11th. By-the-way, the St. George's Club were the pioneers of Sunday play, which is now spreading to many of the principal courses. The spring meeting of the Formby Club will be held on May 19 and 21.

The following are the more important fixtures for the coming week—

March 7, Oxford University, President's Gold Medal, General Meeting at 5.30 in Exeter College; King's Norton, Ladies' Challenge Prize; Pau, Duke of Hamilton's Medal and Pendant; Lyme Regis, Monthly Medal; Blackheath Ladies' Monthly Medal; 9th, Pau, T. A. Havemeyer Prize; 10th, Littlestone, Monthly Medal; Littlestone, Ladies' Monthly Medal; Sutton Coldfield, Monthly Medal; Royal Isle of Wight, Monthly Medal; Southport, Monthly Competition (first series).

AQUATICS.

The Cambridge crew is the despair of the rowing authorities at the 'Varsity. It is a scandal that there should not be eight men at Cambridge capable of making a fair show against the Oxonians. Something like a score of men have been tried in practice, and two of those now in the boat, Sir C. Ross and Ollivant, are not in residence. So far as one can see, the result of the race on the 17th inst. is a foregone conclusion.

People who are curious to know something about the training of the 'Varsity crews may be surprised to learn that, so far as diet is concerned, very little departure is made from ordinary times. A fair amount of beer is allowed, but smoking is strongly discountenanced. The old idea of training upon raw meat is an exploded superstition. OLYMPIAN.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

First let me congratulate all and everybody that the session of 1893 is over, with the result of one important Bill passed. The surrender over the latest form of the Lords' amendments on the Parish Councils Bill showed that even a Government with Mr. Gladstone at its head and Mr. Keir Hardie at its tail did not dare to wind up their first session with absolutely no legislation effected at all. Secondly, let me congratulate all and everybody of Conservative and Unionist opinions that at length the great break-up of the motley Radical crew has begun. I have been responsible occasionally during the past year for hinting that it was already beginning, and to all outward seeming I proved wrong; but the party had a sort of consciousness of the utter collapse it would suffer if any of the parts fell off, and on each occasion a disruption was tided over, till at last it was clear to everyone that until Mr. Gladstone retired his party would, by hook or by crook (but more particularly by crook), hold together. But cheerfully as the Gladstonians have talked about their venerable leader being the youngest man in the House of Commons, they have not been able to shackle the feet of Time. Remorseless Time has brought them to the pass, the narrow pass which for many of them will be the Valley of the Shadow of Political Death. The time has come at last, and, both as politician and as partisan, I hail it as the beginning at length of a better way in political life than the mere toadying of a great man and the suppression of all honest opinion in deference to a great political despot.

THE SCENE ON THURSDAY.

The speech on Thursday, said then on all sides to be Mr. Gladstone's last speech as Prime Minister of England, undoubtedly cleared the air of the many recurring fogs which had been gathering and growing, now slighter, now thicker, for the week before. It got about that this was a farewell performance, and, although the Old Man brightened up most wonderfully and spoke quite like his best self, there were few Liberal members who really believed what some of them were fain to suggest—namely, that, after all, there was to be a respite and another session under Mr. Gladstone yet. As a farewell speech, as I say, there were all the old brightness and eloquent form in the deliverance, but when I reflect on it for what it said I cannot help calling it a failure. It was just a last despairing hit at the House of Lords. It was, in fact, the speech which Mr. Gladstone meant to have delivered on that contemptuous motion that the Lords' amendments to the Employers' Liability Bill be "laid aside," which so unfortunately was ruled out of order, to the collapse of the Gladstonian party, nearly a fortnight before. As such it was short, sharp, and, for Mr. Gladstone, unmistakable. But as a farewell speech, how much more might have been expected! A really statesmanlike review of the situation, a candid avowal of his retirement, an appeal to both political parties in a grave constitutional and political crisis—there was none of that; and the fact is that, though a "last" speech, it was not a farewell speech at all. We shall have that somewhere else.

COMING OUT OF THE MUDDLE.

I decline to treat the occasion, therefore, as worthy of a general summing-up of Mr. Gladstone's virtues and vices as a political leader. What strikes me much more forcibly is the way in which all these doings have been kept secret. The Cabinet knew nothing about them; the party knew nothing. The first intimation came from a Conservative evening paper, and was scouted as ridiculous by every Radical who affected to be "in the know." If this secrecy was provoking to the public, it was gall and wormwood, and even poison of a more deadly character, to his own party. What is to come of all the intrigues for a new leader? What is to come of the party which had to be called by one man's name, because nothing else held it together? The Radicals still hope against hope that there will be no Dissolution. Their wishes are a delusion. They have no leader who can hold the Irish members, now being pressed more than ever from over the water to play a forward game. Mr. Labouchere will not follow Lord Rosebery, and several Gladstonians have already intimated that they will not contest their seats again. The cry is all for a forward movement against the House of Lords: half the Whigs will drop off if this is to be the order of the day. A cry against the House of Lords must be accompanied with some hint as to what actually will be done with it; and the Liberal-Radical party (alas! what name shall we have for them in the future?) do not know whether to follow Lord Rosebery in reforming (and therefore strengthening) or Mr. Labouchere in ending. They know too well that if Peers could sit in the House of Commons they themselves would be beaten by these despised Peers over and over again, and so ending is almost as bad as strengthening. The position is untenable; the cry is absurd; and the chances are that it will be shelved just as it was last September, to make way for a Budget which shall be more hopeful at the polls. That cry, too, will, I expect, prove a failure; and, all things considered, I believe that if the Liberals begin a new session on March 12 in power they will be out before the summer begins. And not too soon, I think, if a patriotic Government with a strong hold on the public and a great prestige abroad is wanted; for things look as if more than domestic matters would be occupying the attention of England. Mr. Gladstone's official visit to the Queen last Friday afternoon marks, if I mistake not, a crisis in the history of the Liberal party, the importance of which it is not easy to over-estimate.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The great surprise has come, and the greatest event of Parliamentary life for the last twenty-five years is now an accomplished fact. We have heard Mr. Gladstone's last speech as Prime Minister. Possibly we have heard him for the last time in the Assembly of which he is the greatest ornament. These are tremendous facts, and it is difficult to write them with a serious appreciation of the situation. Mr. Gladstone has been so woven up with the whole body and texture of Parliamentary life that the House of Commons without him must seem a wilderness indeed. Who speaks like him, who looks like him, who represents for one hour the mighty influence of character and personality which we associate with the name of Gladstone? I fancy that even for years after he has left us we shall be looking for his familiar face and figure in the place that will know him no more, shall think of when he is coming back to us, of how we shall greet him, what will be his future place in the history of the Empire he has done so much for. All these things rushed through one's mind in a torrent as one looked down on the man who, in spite of his eighty-four years, is the handsomest man in the House of Commons, making what was a farewell utterance, the last note on the old clarion that has rung so clear and strong for the last sixty years. And a clarion note it was! I have heard countless speeches by Mr. Gladstone, delivered on all kinds of matters, under all kinds of circumstances, but I think I may say he never delivered a more faultless utterance, from the point of view of style and strength, than that which marked his final effort. I have heard people describe Lord Palmerston's last session, and it was a terrible failure. The old man's powers went out gradually, leaving only a thin, distant flavour of what they had been. But Mr. Gladstone's light, as the poet says, has been

Extinguished, not decayed.

At the moment of our losing it it blazed up as brightly as in the zenith of its strength.

GOING FOR CERTAIN.

Still more remarkable has been the occasion and the subject which the Old Man has chosen as the final display of his powers. The first was the disagreement with the Lords on the Local Government Bill; the second was the absolute necessity of the battle between the Lords and Commons coming on. No one expected such a deliverance, and it created an enthusiasm almost beyond precedent in the long history of Mr. Gladstone's party triumphs. You could hardly keep members in their seats. They cheered, they waved their hats, they committed all kinds of breaches of Parliamentary decorum. I should not say the speech possessed all the merits of Mr. Gladstone's most elaborate and finished Parliamentary efforts. It was very short, it was very simply and correctly phrased, and though the voice was most beautifully attuned, with scarcely, after the opening sentences, a touch of the invading huskiness, it did not take the highest and widest range of that wonderful organ. All was mellow, clear, firm. Practically, Mr. Gladstone declared for no terms with the Lords. It was to be a fight between the elective and the non-elective principle. The Government stood for the former, and against the men who sat in hereditary chairs. It was a great declaration greatly made. Mr. Balfour, I must say, took it up with immense spirit. His speech was, in its way, as good as the Old Man's, and save for the one unfortunate slip in which the Leader of the Opposition practically admitted the case against the Lords, that they controlled the House of Commons, it was for so young a man a supreme success; but, after all, the one point of interest in the House of Commons on that eventful night was Mr. Gladstone's resignation. No one could really have in his mind any event other than that which dominated the situation. At first, the Liberals could not believe that a chief so full of fight, so apparently indifferent to the physical loss from which everyone knew he was suffering, could possibly be thinking of retirement. Men said that the Prime Minister would lead the party till the Dissolution, that a long session was before us, that the terribly burning question of a successor would be indefinitely postponed. A few moments later everybody knew that Mr. Gladstone was going, and going soon, that his continued existence in Parliament was measured by hours.

ROSEBERY OR RUIN.

And now for his successor. I write in ignorance of the precise issue of facts to be disclosed within the next few hours. My impression is that the Queen will send for Lord Rosebery, and though his nomination is steadily resisted by Mr. Labouchere and by a very small body of Radicals, no one will fight against it to the end. Certainly, the case in favour of Sir William Harcourt, though, I must say, not personally directed or even approved of by him, was a ludicrous fiasco. I stood in the lobby as the small and insignificant band of dissentients trooped into Mr. Marjoribanks' office in order to protest against the new Premier being a Peer. It came to an end in a few minutes, and before they had time to escape from the portals a good many members were excusing themselves for the part they had taken in this not very creditable or wisely organised action. As far as I can understand from careful inquiry, Lord Rosebery's nomination is supported by the vast majority of men for whose personal judgment one has most respect, as well as by the really advanced and progressive wing of his party. His task is tremendously difficult. But I gather that he is willing, under reasonable guarantees, to undertake it. I, at all events, am persuaded that the situation is a simple alternative between Rosebery and ruin.



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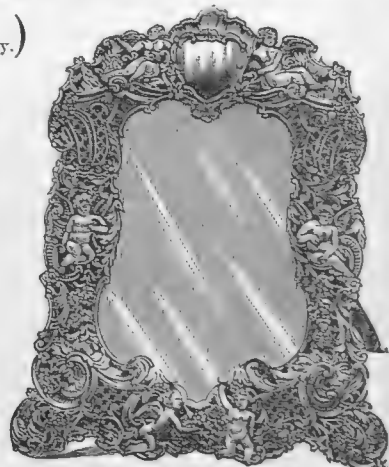
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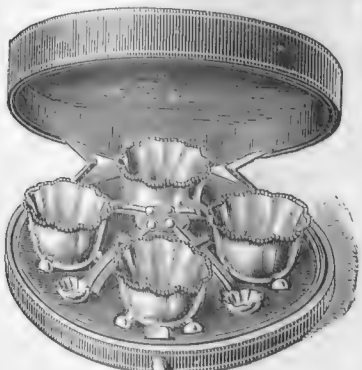


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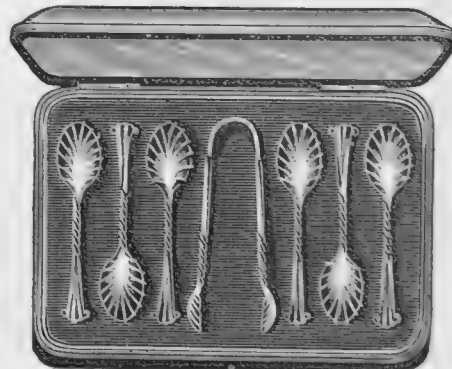


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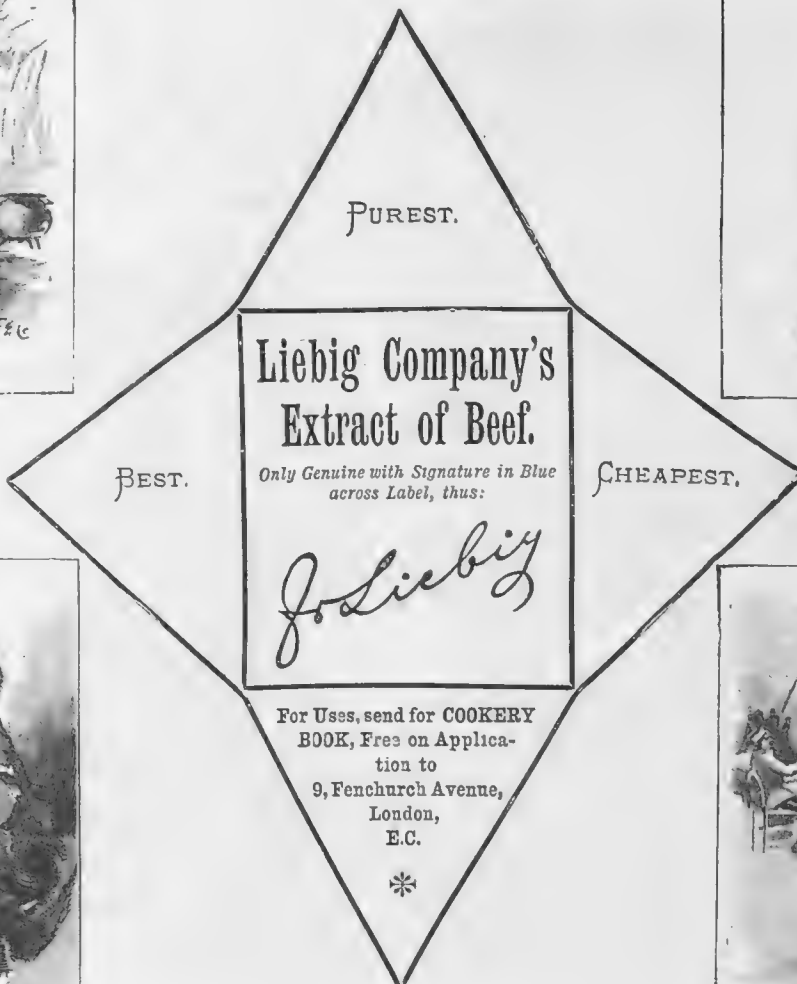
IN THE HOME.



IN THE MINES.



IN THE ARMY.



7

WHAT TWO NUMBERS MULTIPLIED TOGETHER MAKE SEVEN?

This may seem a ridiculous question to put, but the majority of people cannot answer it off-hand. They try to solve the little problem by an elaborate process of mental calculation and finally give it up.

And so it is with the more important question of our health. We feel out of sorts—cannot eat with any zest—have gloomy forebodings—specks float before the eyes; or we may experience excruciating bilious or nervous headaches, and we worry about this or that remedy, or what course of treatment to pursue, until we gradually grow worse. And yet a positive cure is, as it were, always ready to our hand. BEECHAM'S PILLS will remove these distressing feelings as surely as seven times one are (not *is*, please)

SEVEN

Indigestion Understood.

INDIGESTION, or Dyspepsia, means "difficulty to digest." This troublesome complaint is one of the most prevalent diseases of the century. The presence of the disorder is usually manifested by feelings of pain and uneasiness after taking food. There is a sense of oppression, with much fullness and distension in the region of the stomach. There is frequently a torpid state of the bowels, with excessive feebleness. If neglected, more serious symptoms arise, and eventually the whole nervous system becomes gravely affected. For all cases of Indigestion and Nervousness the patient should resort to a few doses of the medicine widely known as Guy's Tonic.



Mrs. J. T. Rose, well known in Sutton Bridge, suffered from Chronic Indigestion of twenty-five years' standing. Her husband writes: "It is with a feeling of thankfulness I speak of the benefit Guy's Tonic has been to my wife. When she commenced to take it she was suffering much from Indigestion. She could only find ease by lying on her left side. After every meal she used to experience pain at the chest and stomach, accompanied by a hot sensation, with vomiting and sickness. At last she tried your wonderful Guy's Tonic; one bottle gave her such ease from pain in the chest that it was a pleasure to be with her. She herself says she is not like the same person. This cure of Indigestion by Guy's Tonic took place in April 1891, so that we are pleased to be able to state that Guy's Tonic cures Indigestion permanently. We purchased the Guy's Tonic from Mr. James Tilson, the Chemist in Long Sutton, and he could confirm my statement, for he knew my wife when she was such a terrible sufferer—that is, before her Indigestion was cured."

Guy's Tonic Improves the Appetite, Strengthens the Stomach, and Regulates the Liver. This wonderful medicine braces the nervous system, and causes the feeble and delicate to become vigorous, robust, and strong. Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the World.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Even John Ruskin, the most ardent worshipper of the misnamed "weaker sex," would draw the line at the bearded ladies in the late performance of "As You Like It." There are a thousand reasons why such a play should not be acted by what the street-boy calls a "hen company," and not one that I can guess to counteract them. Ere now actresses have appeared not unsuccessfully as Romeo; but to give us a female Jaques and Touchstone is too much of a bad thing. After all, Romeo is a man in whom the male is not strongly characteristic. Accepting the theory that man and woman, for the greater part of their character, overlap, and that the sex differentiation occurs at the two ends, and that Romeo, and Orlando, too, barely go beyond the overlapping part, it is not hard to see that an actress may represent these characters. As a matter of fact, Miss Ada Ferrar made a more acceptable lover of Rosalind than some *jeunes premiers* who have played the part in my time. Crude, no doubt, her work was, yet earnest and clever; nor was the sex too flagrantly in opposition.

Others there were who deserve praise. The "old, poor man" Adam is always a tedious person; but Miss Charlotte Morland, by really able work, made him almost attractive. The Le Beau may be commended, the Celia and Audrey were not to be despised; but the balance was heavily against the performance. After all, the critic is to some extent a sort of auditor. Part of his business is to weigh the moments of pleasure and boredom, and, setting one against the other, to show on which side of the account is the balance. It is, perhaps, the most difficult part of his functions, since his duty is to calculate, not according to his own feelings, but, so far as he can, to put himself for the purpose in the place of the average member of the British public.

Now, I have an idea that the average member of the British public can easily be bored by Shakspeare, and this view is shared by many a manager. Consequently, our national dramatist is treated generally as a kind of powder that cannot be swallowed without the enticement of jam. The admirable set of performances given by Mr. F. R. Benson in 1889 at the Opéra Comique—Miss Ferrar played in them as Hermia—with the exception of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—proved a financial failure because of the want of jam—that is to say, adventitious attractions. The one success had irrelevant adornments. So had the ladies' "As You like It," and herein it resembles Mr. Daly's version of "Twelfth Night," which had so much music thrown in that one felt there was too much for it to be a play, yet too little to call it an opera.

"Who is Mrs. Dexter?" is the question at present asked by the advertisement boards. For an answer you are expected to inquire at the Strand Theatre, after paying the heavy preliminary fee demanded by London playhouses. However, it would be indelicate in one who never pays to discuss the prices of theatre seats. The lady is heroine of a farce written by Mr. Darnley, author of two successful works, "The Barrister" and "The Solicitor." The plot? That is neither here nor there; though by the last word of the customary phrase I do not refer to the Strand, yet it would not be inaccurate. The play is just the thing for persons with weak hearts forbidden to indulge in fierce excitement. By aid of mere manual skill the author is able to "keep the pot a-boiling"—or, rather, a-simmering—with little subject or characterisation.

The most curious thing about the play is that the author, though he goes out of his way to choose legal subjects, shows an astounding ignorance of the manners of the Bar. He does not get so far wrong as the lady novelist who caused her hero to make a splendid cannon in playing pool, or the one who foreclosed a mortgage and took possession the moment the mortgage money became due; but he contrives a number of solecisms that are not redeemed by humorous result. Why is it that counsel's opinion is not sought on the subject beforehand? One pound six would be a trifle in the expense of a production and save many blunders. Perhaps the reason of most of the solecisms in books and plays is a curious outcome of conscience. The writers, having an idea that they have made a blunder, but, deeming that the result is effective, are anxious to remain uncertain, since had they absolute knowledge they would feel constrained to make alterations.

"Go, my son," said the Swedish Chancellor, Oxenstierna, "and see with how little wisdom the world is governed." Paraphrase it with "humour" for "wisdom" and "amused" for "governed," and you will understand the state of mind of the critic when the house laughs because three men in dress clothes try to hide under the furniture because their women-folk enter, without rhyme or reason, the room in which they themselves are without excuse or cause. However, in farce, rhyme, reason, cause, and even excuse, are hardly needful if, by ignoring them, you bring about comic catastrophes; but in "Mrs. Dexter" one goes a squabble round and round of scenes of obvious jealousy. The players, who often help a lame author over a stile, caused some merriment. One cannot have too much of Miss Fanny Brough—I should like to try—and in a long part, that had a flavour of Euclid's definition of a line, by her wonderful vivacity she often made things lively. Some day an author will fit her with a character, and then we shall laugh till our waistcoat buttons drop off. Mr. Charles Hawtrey fought with a brogue like a brave man against adversity, but he did not win the night, and there were not many flickers of his fine humour. Miss Ina Goldsmith made a hit in a small part as a French maid.

I would say something about the revival of "The World"; but it now seems out of date, and I am out of space: therefore, I will humbly add my opinion to W. A.'s in and on "The World," that it is, perhaps, the best of the Drury Lane dramas.

MONOCLE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, March 3, 1894.

The Stock Exchange has been in a melancholy mood this week, and we have to record not only two suicides, but the sad death of Mr. Arthur Anderson, one of the best known and most important brokers in Throgmorton Street. Nothing but regret was to be heard on Thursday morning, when the news of the fatal termination of Mr. Anderson's illness was whispered about, and even his bitterest enemies were fain to confess that one of the boldest and most resolute operators the stock markets have known during the last twenty years had been taken from among us. Whether the great broker will be best remembered for the Hotchkiss deal, by which he is said to have netted about £100,000, for the share he took in placing the unfortunate Murrieta debentures, or as the leading spirit in many an underwriting syndicate and the pet broker of the Trustees Corporation in its palmiest days, remains to be seen; but his death leaves a gap in City circles which it will be hard to fill.

Investment buying has again been brisk, and the highest class of stocks continue to creep up, while Colonials have reached a level far higher than is either good for the various borrowers or for the investor, who is driven to pay the exorbitant prices now current for such securities as Queensland 3½ per cent. or Victoria 4 per cent. stock. Do not misunderstand us, dear Sir: we are far from saying that there will not be a further rise, for in the present state of the money market and of public opinion there is no knowing what price people will not pay for securities yielding a steady and certain return; but, from every point of view, the late rapid increase in value is to be deplored, because it is more than likely to cause a repetition of the late troubles.

The Home Railway traffics, with, again, the exception of the Midland return, are fairly satisfactory; but the market has not been strong, and, despite the probabilities of a working arrangement between the South-Eastern and Chatham Companies, the securities of neither line have been in much favour. The traffic on the Brighton line will be watched with no little interest for the next month or two, as, although the revenue return for January is of a favourable nature, the critical time has yet to come. North-Easterns appear the most desirable purchase among the heavy lines.

Our Yankee cousins do not make fast progress with their tariff legislation, and, naturally, the prospect—uncertain though it is—of considerable alteration in the trade relations of the country with its neighbours is not conducive to large business transactions. As soon as the matter of duties is settled one way or another, and the trade can look forward with some certainty to the future, we anticipate considerable activity and improved railway returns. The Eric reorganisation scheme appears to be assured of success, despite the natural objection of the second mortgage bondholders. We should not be surprised to see a rise in the shares despite a decrease of 198,000 dollars for last month. They cannot go much lower, and might easily rise four or five points. We hear that Mr. Adams, who, by-the-bye, is now in London, will probably take in hand the Northern Pacific, and if he does it will, at least, be a guarantee of an honest attempt to put matters on a sound basis. We have as yet heard nothing as to the result of Mr. Fleming's investigation into the Atchison position, but, as he may be expected to return in less than three weeks, we shall not have to wait very long for a full report.

The Grand Trunk revenue statement for January is one of those awful documents that "maketh sick the heart of man," especially if the unfortunate person happen to be a share- or bond-holder—decrease upon decrease in receipts, and increase upon increase in working expenses, until it is hard to see where even the debenture interest is to come from should this state of affairs go on. If the whole market had not been "bears" of the stock, the slump would have been heavier than it was. The various security-holders of this unfortunate railway deserve no sympathy, for they are too supine or too blind to make a clean sweep of the Tyler-Hamilton group, by whom their affairs have for so long been mismanaged. The Louisville statement for January showed a very small decrease, and the Norfolk return for the same period was more than satisfactory.

In the Foreign Market Guatemala excites some interest, because of the decree under which the rearrangement of the debt in 1887 took place, and in certain quarters strong hopes are entertained that the British Government will take action on behalf of the bondholders; but in the present unsettled state of political parties we are inclined to think that far more hope is to be expected from the United States than from Lord Rosebery, or whoever may be Foreign Secretary at the moment. The silver question hangs like a black cloud over all South American securities, and day by day the market for the white metal seems to grow worse and worse. Turkish and Spanish securities have been well supported (with some reason in the former case), but, as a set-off, the more the Italian position is looked at the less satisfactory does it appear, with the result that the market for the securities of the Peninsula has been weak and unsatisfactory.

The Allsopp "rig" has made progress, and the ordinary shares, which have not paid a dividend for years, stand at 94½. On merits there can be no justification for such a price; but what have merits to do with the matter?—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

"MRS. DEXTER'S" DRESSES.

I paid a visit to the Strand Theatre the other night to see "Mrs. Dexter," or, perhaps, more strictly speaking, Mrs. Dexter's dresses, and after careful contemplation of the same and of the gowns displayed by the other characters in the piece I came to the conclusion—a little reluctantly, it is true, because it is always hard to give up one's own pet prejudice—that the full draped skirts, which, as decreed by Dame Fashion, are to be the only fashionable wear during the forthcoming season, have a great deal to recommend them—to the slim and tall, but to the stout and short I have only got *Punch's* advice, "Don't." Take Miss Fanny Brough's, otherwise Mrs. Dexter's gowns, for instance, for in this case, as usual, they herald the coming of the newest styles. Her first dress is of vieux-rose cloth, the skirt very full and gracefully draped, opening at the right side over a petticoat of black moiré antique, the sides of the cloth being cut in tiny scallops and bordered with very narrow jet trimming. The same idea is carried out in the bodice, which has short, flat basques of the moiré, with revers and vest of the same material, and which is fastened at the waist with large jet buttons. The sleeves, which are particularly effective, are of black moiré, and at the elbows and the wrists there are little gauntlet cuffs of the cloth, bordered with jet. A large bow of black chiffon at the neck, and a smart little black straw hat, trimmed with four choux of black and réséda satin ribbon, through which two black quills are drawn, complete a very successful costume.

For Act II. Miss Brough has a beautiful evening gown of rich white satin, the skirt trimmed at each side in front with cascades of heavy, yellowish lace, similar cascades bordering the sides of the train, which is of white satin, brocaded in an effective scroll design, and dotted over with large single flowers in various shades of pink and yellow. The bodice has elbow sleeves of the brocade, with deep hanging frills of lace, and over the shoulders fall frills of the same lace, which are continued in tapering points down the front of the bodice, where they border the V-shaped vest of shirred satin. The deep pointed basques are finished off with a narrow gold edging, and high on the shoulders stand erect bows of white satin ribbon.

But lovely as these two gowns undoubtedly are, the palm for novelty must, I think, be given to the third gown, which is an effective combination of eau-de-Nil cloth and white moiré antique, the latter material being trimmed with bands of green silk covered with string-coloured guipure, which in its turn is studded with green sequins. The bodice is draped from right to left over a vest of the moiré, and fastened with two rosettes; while the sleeves, which are very original, are composed of a deep and very full cape-like frill of cloth lined with white silk, beneath which is a puffed under-sleeve of white silk, with a deep cuff of moiré antique. The delicate tones of the gown are accentuated by the vivid touch of colour in Miss Brough's dainty little bonnet, which is of cerise velvet, with a wide, outspreading bow at the back.

The most pronounced example, however, of the draped skirt is to be seen in Miss Helen Conway's first dress—a Princess robe of white cloth, cut up at each side to show a petticoat of white moiré antique and bordered with an edging of beaver. The skirt is draped across the figure in front, and caught up at the back almost in polonaise fashion, the folds being caught at the side with a gold chain and buckle, a similar chain connecting the cape-like frill of lace, which passes round the back and over the shoulders, the full, puffed sleeves being of the moiré. Her picture hat, of white Leghorn, is trimmed with white ostrich plumes, and at the back with a loose bunch of deep-hued violets. In Act II. her perfectly plain Princess dress of pearl-grey velvet is covered by a long cloak of nut-brown satin, the fronts, with the shoulder-cape and the hood, bordered with a pinked-out ruche of bright green silk, and the hat, of drawn brown satin, being trimmed with green feathers to match.

Miss Conway's last dress is of pale mauve accordion-pleated crépon, falling in full straight folds from the yoke band of jewelled passementerie. The little coat bodice is of dark violet velvet, and at the left side there is a hanging pocket of velvet, fastened by strings of satin ribbon in the same dark shade of violet. A hat of violet velvet, with feathers in a pale shade of mauve, completes the costume.

Miss Eva Williams has only two dresses, but, though extremely simple, they are very smart and pretty. The first is of electric-blue cloth, the bodice made with double revers, one of cloth and the other of white silk edged with steel. The collar, cuffs, and waistband are also of the silk and steel, and the full skirt is quite plain, save for a narrow band of white silk, steel bordered, which is placed at the bottom. With this dress is worn a hat of brown straw, trimmed with loops of satin ribbon matching the dress in colour, and little clusters of snowdrops. The second gown, of pale tan-coloured crépon, trimmed with velvet in a beautiful shade of golden brown, is charming; but my attention was concentrated on the hat, and until I have one exactly like it I shall not be content. It is of creamy white guipure, and is trimmed at the back with a bow of shaded lemon-coloured silk ribbon, and in front with black roses and ears of golden corn. The narrow strings of black velvet are fastened at the left side with a cluster of black velvet violets, the effect being extremely pretty.

While I am on the subject of theatre dresses, I must tell you about a lovely gown which Miss Olga Brandon wears in "The World" at the Princess's, for it is well worth copying. The skirt, of pale tan-coloured cloth, is caught up at the right side with a bow of satin ribbon to show a petticoat of black satin, and the bodice, of turquoise-blue moiré antique, has sleeves and revers of the satin, and is fastened with steel buttons. The accompanying toque is of blue velvet, studded with steel sequins and trimmed with a jetted aigrette. The combination of colours and materials is charmingly effective, and the steel buttons give a perfect finishing touch. Miss Brandon's other two costumes are respectively a black velvet visiting gown, the cape lined with cerise satin, and the picture hat of velvet trimmed with black ostrich plumes, and an evening gown of white brocade, the skirt trimmed with a flounce of net almost covered with silver sequins, the bodice, which is richly ornamented with exquisite pearl passementerie, having a berthe of sequined net. Over this gown is thrown a cloak of rich white silk, lined with eau-de-Nil satin and trimmed with sable. Miss Brandon, in addition to a number of other lovely diamond ornaments, wears an exquisite diamond star low down on the centre of her forehead, just where the prettily waved hair is parted.

Miss Kate Tyndall wears in the same piece some gowns well worthy of mention, the first of dark blue figured serge, trimmed with black satin, the Eton coat being worn over a white silk shirt, made exactly like a man's, with tiny tucks down each side and a large bow at the neck. Her hat, of sunburnt straw, which has one of the new diamond-shaped open crowns, is trimmed with masses of full-blown pink roses, held together by a large black bow. Another gown is in an exquisite ombré material in various lovely tones of green, shading into cerise, the green velvet vest and epaulettes being embroidered with iridescent beads. A black hat is worn with this gown, the crown smothered with pink field-flowers, over which hovers a butterfly. Miss Tyndall's other gown has a skirt of black silk and a bodice of turquoise-blue velvet, trimmed with cream insertion bands and epaulettes of lace, knots of ribbon in the two colours hanging from waist to hem.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I am not inclined to offer any apology for devoting so much space to theatrical gowns, for every woman I know has a burning desire to copy the stage attire of well-known actresses; but now, for a change,



THE "YORKE" BONNET AND THE NEW SCARF.

I want to tell you about some lovely new spring millinery which I found at Madame Yorke's (51, Conduit Street), and which struck me as being too delightful to keep to myself. I was specially pleased with the "Yorke" bonnet, for its shape was so becoming and its whole

[Continued on page 325.]

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H.R.H. The Duchess of York. of sweet odours."

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great variety of textures, from the finest Gauze
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The great advantage claimed by James Pearse
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Toilet "Lanoline".....6d & 1/6.
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& Cold Cream.

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Should be used in every household, as [nothing is better
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Made from the
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For removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for Restoring Grey Hair to its natural colour, it is without a rival.
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over the world, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Order.

95, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

CHILDREN REARED ON MELLIN'S FOOD

"Moate, Westmeath, Ireland,

"Dec. 19, 1893.

"Sir,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the worth of Mellin's Food, and enclose photo of my eldest boy, aged twenty-three months, who has been practically reared on it.

"Respectfully yours,

"GEORGE JOSEPH GLANVILLE."



"7, Sandown Terrace, Deal, Kent,

"Oct. 30, 1893.

"Dear Sir,—I send you a photo of my little boy, Lionel Vincent Barton, aged eighteen months, who has been brought up on your Food.

"My younger child is now being fed entirely with it; and we find the Food most satisfactory in every way

"Yours truly,

"GEO. V. BARTON."



"149, Goldhawk Road,
"Shepherd's Bush, London,
"Feb. 7, 1894.

"Dear Sir,—I have enclosed photo of my child, Hector Yoxall, aged one year and six months, who was fed entirely on Mellin's Food; and he is decidedly the strongest and healthiest child of the family; and shall not fail to recommend your excellent Food.

"Yours truly, "I. YOXALL."



"Homesdale, Dalebury Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.

"Nov. 8, 1893.

"Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in sending you a portrait of my little boy, seven months old, which is the most practical testimonial I could give you as to the excellence of Mellin's Food. He began taking it four months ago, when weak and ailing, but your Food worked like a charm, and he is now, as you may perceive, as fine a child as anyone could wish to see (he measures 26 inches round the waist and 10½ just above the knee). We intend bringing up all our children (should we have any more) on your valuable Food.

"Yours faithfully, "C. W. ALEXANDER."



"68, Ridgmount Gardens,

"Gower Street, W.C.,

"Dec. 6, 1893.

"Dear Sir,—We have much pleasure in sending you photograph of our baby, Austin Guy Wrigley, aged eleven months, weighing 28 lb. He has been brought up entirely on your Food, and is a strong, healthy boy. You can make use of photo and my letter.

"Yours truly,

"MAUD WRIGLEY."

"43, Russell Square, Brighton,

"Dec. 13, 1893.

"Dear Sir,—I am sending you herewith the photograph of my little boy, Henry Arthur Hayman. At the time the photograph was taken my boy was two years old. He was brought up entirely on Mellin's Food, and the photograph is, as you will admit, an eloquent testimony to the excellency of your Food.

"Yours faithfully,

"ROSIE HAYMAN."

The above Testimonials are a selection only from many thousands received from grateful mothers.

MELLIN'S FOOD Works, Stafford St., Peckham, S.E.

appearance so smart. In this case the full crown was of white moiré, caught in the centre by a jet cabochon, while the brim of black velvet was edged with jet and covered with cream guipure. For trimming there was a jetted osprey rising from a jet cabochon slightly at the left side. This bonnet looked particularly well with one of the fashionable scarves, the newest arrangement of which you will be able to



A NOVEL HAT.

imitate by the help of the accompanying sketch. The scarf should be passed round the neck in front, then the ends brought round from the back and loosely tied in a half-bow; or, if preferred, they can merely be crossed and pinned together with one of the dainty little brooches of Parisian diamonds with which most of you are, I expect, familiar. This particular scarf was of white moiré antique, the ends bordered with a frill of creamy lace; but they look lovely, too, in black moiré, with white or string-coloured lace, giving a wonderfully "dressed" appearance to the wearer even if the gown be plain, and taking away that unfinished feeling which most of us experience, I think, even in summer, if our gowns are devoid of some little addition for outdoor wear. I like this arrangement, too, better, on the whole, than the huge bow, which will soon, I am afraid, become a weariness to all our eyes by reason of its universal adoption.

But to return to Madame Yorke and her millinery, and first of all to our other two sketches: the hat, which was very original and quaintly pretty, was of coarse black straw, trimmed with six ostrich tips and clusters of black roses and green leaves; while the bonnet was a dainty little confection with an almost invisible crown of jet, trimmed at the back with high loops of petunia velvet and roses of the same colour, two more roses resting on the hair in front. Then my attention wandered off to a picture hat which would be an ideal one for bridesmaids—provided, of course, that the brides do not object to black. It was of black Leghorn, with a waved brim, and a rouleau of velvet underneath, a black ostrich tip, and a spray of pink roses resting on the hair. At the left side there were four ostrich plumes fastened by a brilliant buckle, and on the brim at the edge two full-blown roses, looking as if they had just been dropped there by accident, so perfectly natural were they, and so free from any stiffness. Another hat which I should like you to see was of Tuscan straw, the brim cut in points and lined with black satin. It was trimmed with a pointed bow of black moiré, and round the crown were placed at intervals clusters of scarlet, purple, and pink poppies, with nodding grass at each side. It was a very striking hat, and one which could be worn with good effect by a dark-haired, dark-eyed girl. Almost anyone, whether dark or fair, would look well in a hat of black net, crusted over with jet sequins, a little cap of jet fitting on to the head under the brim, and two or three roses falling over the hair. The crown was of jet, and the trimming consisted of more pink roses and black tips. This sequined net is evidently going to be extremely fashionable, for it was draped over the brim of another black straw hat, the Napoleon crown of which was entirely covered with delicate pink roses, and for further trimming it had high loops of black moiré ribbon, the broad strings, which were intended to be tied in a large bow, being also of moiré. Another hat of the same shape had a brim covered entirely with jet sequins, the centre being filled in with masses of blush-pink roses, run through with two jet daggers; but loveliest of all, perhaps, was an altogether delightful toque with a jet crown bordered by a full frill of net, sparkling with jet sequins, and forming the softest and most becoming framework for a youthful face. It was trimmed at the left side with a cluster of terra-cotta roses and at the back with jet wings and a black osprey held in place by a jet bow, while a curtain of sequined net fell on to the hair.

Once started on the subject of toques, I hardly know when I shall stop, for Madame Yorke showed me such a bewildering variety, all

equally lovely, that I have not the heart to leave any of them out, especially as the reign of the toque is destined to continue throughout the season. Imagine one, then, of the finest black straw, the full crown gathered underneath in Tam-o'-Shanter fashion, and trimmed with a puffing of turquoise-blue velvet, a jetted sweep's broom, and an osprey; and then turn your attention to another of fancy black straw, turned up in front to show a glittering mass of jet sequins, one great pink rose being placed at each side in front, while for further trimming there are two market bunches of violets. Then there was still another toque, of crimson satin studded with jet spikes (an entirely new design), and edged with black roses, a jetted osprey standing erect at the left side; and then, last, but by no means least, let me record the charms of a most fascinating toque of pale pink straw, adorned with black roses and a big bow of moiré, the curtain at the back being of long-stalked violets.

After I had torn myself away from the fascinations of the toque, I succumbed to the charms of the wall-flower as displayed on two lovely hats, one of brown and green fancy straw, trimmed with black quills and the loveliest French ribbon—golden brown, with an edging of crinkled silk in the same green as the straw—and the other of fancy brown straw, trimmed with a bow of golden-brown velvet, fastened by a steel buckle. And on both of these hats there were sprays of the most realistic wall-flowers in exquisite shades of golden brown, terra-cotta, and yellow. That term of pitying scorn, "a wall-flower," has created a little prejudice against the flower, I think; but that will soon be overcome when it is generally understood that it is to be very fashionable this spring, and there will be an additional recommendation to many in the fact that these flowers are not at all likely to become common, as their price would be somewhat prohibitive to a good many.

Just as I was making up my mind that go I must, Madame Yorke revealed to me the smartest possible hat, which at once conjured up in my mind's eye the vision of spring and summer holidays and their accompanying delights. It was a very simple, boat-shaped hat of yellow Tuscan straw, the brim lined with black satin and trimmed with a large bow of black satin fastened with a paste buckle; but the style was simply perfect, and it was eminently becoming and very useful, too.

Now, with all these attractions to draw you to 51, Conduit Street, I shall think that it is due to some very grave fault of mine if you do not repair speedily to Madame Yorke to have your stock of millinery replenished, and so be able to bear the sunny scrutiny of the most spring-like weather with calmness.

Everything has its compensations, if you only know where to find them, and the drawbacks of Lent are, in my humble opinion, to be amply atoned for by the possession of one of the delightfully delicious Simnel cakes which are manufactured by Messrs. W. Hill and Son, of 59 to 61, Bishopsgate Street, E.C. Words cannot do their charms justice, as anyone who has ever tasted them will testify, but if there be any benighted and unhappy individual who has not yet made the personal acquaintance of a Simnel cake let me beg you, for your own sake, to repair to Bishopsgate Street and get the ceremony of introduction performed by Messrs. Hill and Son. The acceptability of a Simnel cake would not,



A PRETTY BONNET.

I am certain, terminate with Lent, so if you want to think of something which would do duty as an Easter egg you can settle the matter at once. The prices of these cakes are elastic enough to embrace all purses, for they range from 3s. 6d. to twenty-five shillings, so let us everyone make merry with a Simnel cake of one price or another, only I fancy that if you at first invest in one of the smaller ones you will speedily be sending in another order.

FLORENCE.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The racing man thirsts all the time for "information," and those who have to supply his wants must know a thing or two. Perhaps one of the best known men on the course who watch the racing gallops of the horses and obtain information as to their well-being is Mr. Tom White, of Epsom, who I should say could pick out every racehorse in England. Mr. Tom White has, as is well known, to compile valuable information for the newspapers, and he is not by any means an idle man. He has agents at all the chief training grounds, who keep him posted in trials, departures, &c., while he is assisted on the course by some able colleagues, who could five days out of six give every probable runner three hours before the decision of the first item of the card. Mr. Tom White travels some thousands of miles during the season, and his expenses for self and staff are heavy—indeed, he once told me they amounted to £40 per



Photo by J. D. Cooper, Kingston.

MR. TOM WHITE.

week. He is a capital judge of horseflesh; he can read a race for future guidance better than many men; while in nine times out of ten he is able to forestall the judge in the exact placings, even though it be a case of "head and neck." Mr. Tom White is a very popular man on the course, as he is ever ready to afford information to any racing man, and he is often called upon to mark race-cards for Peers and other people of high degree. Mr. White owns a nice house at Epsom. He is very fond of dogs and birds. He takes the liveliest interest in athletics, and is Vice-President of the Epsom Harriers.

The Grand Military Meeting at Sandown will this year be a big affair—that is, if the weather keep fine, although royalty will not be represented. Of course, the usual number of regimental coaches will be on the ground, and the usual hospitality will be dispensed. Here I may mention that the Sandown authorities now cater for the soldiers' meeting, and it is needless to add they do the work well. Of the racing it is not necessary to say much, as many of the soldiers are beaten before their horses, and at this one meeting, at any rate, it pays to follow good riders. I am told Esop will win the Grand Military Gold Cup.

I believe two wealthy South Africans are about to run a few horses in England on a large scale, and I hope the rumour is true, as we can do with a few more moneyed owners. I hear that Lord Derby and Lord Stanley will increase their studs. Sir John Thursby is going in largely for racing in the future, and Sir Samuel Scott may buy a few more horses. It is, too, just on the cards that we may see the colours of Lord Chelsea carried in flat races before the season is far advanced, while I believe Mr. Brassey contemplates increasing his stock.

Lord Rosebery has paid a visit to Newmarket to have a look at Ladas, who, it is said, has suffered from a dry cough. There may not be much in it; still, when a hot Derby favourite is under any suspicion it is necessary to provide against accidents, and in the event of anything going wrong with Ladas I should, without a moment's hesitation, go for Bullingdon, who is travelling nicely in his work. As I have said many times before, he looks like a Derby colt, and, if I am not mistaken, he will show to the greatest possible advantage over the Epsom course.

Sir John Thursby, the owner of Paddy, who won the Manchester Handicap in 1892, is increasing his stud of racers. Last week he purchased most of Mr. Harding Cox's horses, that gentleman having decided to give up racing. Sir John Thursby has a magnificent estate at Burnley, Lancashire, and his grouse moors are the envy of many sportsmen. Sir John, also, has a very nice estate at Holmhurst, Hampshire. He does all that lies in his power to encourage hunting in the neighbourhood of the New Forest. His neighbours, however, are not so partial to the winter pastime, and it is said that several have given orders to their keepers to shoot every fox they come across.

The farmers are not very great losers by the depredations of Master Reynard, for Sir John pays half-a-crown a head for all poultry killed by foxes within a twenty-mile radius. Sir John's second son, George, is a very fine horseman, and several times last season his finishes on Foghorn were favourably commented upon. In addition to being a capital rider, Mr. George is probably as good a shot as could be found in Hampshire. He has won a big pigeon handicap from scratch, not failing to grass a single bird.

It is well-nigh impossible to follow racing under National Hunt Rules with any degree of interest, as the selling plates show such in-and-out running. I think the stewards are to blame for the present state of affairs by allowing racecourse officials to offer such paltry prizes. Often the winning stake amounts to less than £40: out of this £10 has to go to the jockey, then the entrance fees, trainers' fees, and travelling expenses have to be paid. Little wonder, then, that many who run horses to-day do so for what they can get out of the betting, and do not care two straws about the sport or what becomes of it.

The Hackney Show at Islington has been followed by that of the Hunters' Improvement Society, which opened yesterday. Sir Walter Gilbey presented the two principal challenge cups, which were manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Oxford Street. One of them was for the best animal not exceeding three years of age, while the other was for the best four- or five-year-old hunter.



CHALLENGE CUPS FOR HUNTERS, PRESENTED BY SIR WALTER GILBEY.